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NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1874.

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CREMATION.

I and and in this country and many arguments urged in favor of cremation. The chief objections to reviving the old Pagan custom are that it is contrary to Christian usages; that murder will rapidly increase, as it will be impossible to discover any of the deadly vapors rising from the ground, notwith.

I and and in this country and many arguments urged in favor of cremation. The chief objections to recommitted to the flames. On the other hand, the cremationists claim that the death-rate in districts contiguous to cemeteries is greatly increased by the deadly vapors rising from the ground, notwith.

Standing several feet of earth may cover the bodies, and statistics are quoted fully bearing out their cremationists claim that the death-rate in districts contiguous to cemeteries is greatly increased by the deadly vapors rising from the ground, notwith.



CREMATION .- THE ANCIENT GRECIAN METHOD OF BURNING THE DEAD.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1874

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We this week present No. 2 of Matt Morgan's series of "The Modern Dance of Death; A Sermon in Six Curtoons." It represents Death as a barkeeper and the Devil as a tempter. The victim, a carpenter, is drinking to his children, who are purchasing rum for their mother. Next week we shall present Cartoon No. 3.

CRUMBS OF THE CARNIVAL.

O long as the Republican leaders were able to sustain mere party measures, upholding the personal actions of the President, or giving patronage to a State politician, they were a unit; but the moment there came a question involving general principles of Government they separated like waves driven against a rock. The Senate vote on Inflation last week showed that the Republican Party is hopelessly divided. Neither President Grant's veto nor his signature of the Finance Bill can hide the truth revealed to the country in the eloquent and bitter warning of Senator Conkling, and in the angry, discomforting defiance of Senator Morton. The Republican carnival is ended. The party is split. Dr. Brown-Sequard a little while ago taught that each half of the brain is a whole brain, and that when one half is gone the other half may enable its possessor to live. But to-day there is scarcely a politician whose boldness is so great that he would dare to say that a party whose one half favors Inflation and whose other half urges Contraction will be able to call itself any longer a living organization. Can Mr. Conkling survive the loss of Mr. Morton? Will Mr. Sargent exist without Mr. Logan? If Eng dies, must Chang also die? These questions are important alike to the Republican and to the Democrat, because the Republican divi-

At a first glance it would appear that the division is geographical; that the South and West are united against the East and the Pacific Slope. In a measure this is true; but the causes and the effects lie deeper than geography. They are social. The land is opposed to the market; the grain-producer to the grain buyer; the borrower of money to the lender. It is a question of the country against the town. Illinois is for Inflation; but Chicago in capital, grain, cotton, land or horses. "It needs currency. It wants money to pay its taxes." The trades-people, and the coin-loving residents of the Pacific Slope, have arrayed themselves financially and politically against the Southern and Western clamorers for Infation: and the Southern land western the creek. flation; and the Senatorial vote upon the ques tion has disrupted a party.

The Inflation vote was not the only incident of the Republican disaster. In its shadow came the Democratic victory in Connecticut. In the cities there were thousands of merchants and clerks who, though hesitating to disavow their fealty to Republicanism, rejoiced openly over the defeat of the Administration in that State. The Democrats did not show half the satisfaction that the Republicans did. While the South and the West were, for the moment, excited about their sufferings for want of money, the East was indignant because two unworthy politicians were, in the name of the Administration, wrangling about the Senator-ship from Massachusetts; because Republican leaders were slow to rebuke, when they did not boastfully sustain, the corrupt executive officials who had invented, organized and enjoyed the infamous Sanborn jobs; and because there was hardly a business which had not suffered from the exactions of the detectives who levied tribute in the name of the Government It had come to be considered that General Butler represented President Grant; and General Butler, with that audacious courage which is both his strength and his weakness. said, un-fortunately, that, though he was not implicated in the Sanborn contracts, he would have been glad to aid Sanborn in obtaining them. This expression seemed to many to be a boast that, if bad laws do exist, it is right to be the person who takes pecuniary advantage of them. So that, last week, it appeared that on account of Jayne's tyranny, Sanborn's unjust exactions. Butler's boasts, and the rebuke and the reproach of the Connecticut election, the whole commercial East was not precisely Democratic, but anti-Administration.

Republican disaffection is not the triumph of the Democratic Party. The latter will no doubt gain a great accession from the ranks of the workingmen, who are neither borrow-

ing agriculturists nor exacting tradesmen. The oblem with them does not come from the Government's paper mills. Inflation or Contraction is nothing to them. More than any other class, they are anxious for simplicity of government, for legal limitations to dishonesty, and for ability in public men. Their political sentiments are not bounded by geographical lines. Democracy may obtain them, but it has not yet claimed either section of the disrupted Republican Party. It would be hard to say that either Mr. Morton or Mr. Conkling would surrender to his opponent the Republican name in order to receive confirmation at the hands of Fernando Wood or of Alexander H. Stephens. And there are very many Demo-crats in the West, and especially in the South, who will array themselves on the side of any party which favors Inflation. The Democratic Party, as described by its leader, Senator Thurman, is a party which advocates specie money. But the same may reasonably be said of that portion of the Republican Party represented by Messrs. Conkling. Anthony, Blaine, Jones, Thurman and Morrill. The Democratic Party favors Free Trade; but every Granger in the West announces Free Trade as one of his cardinal doctrines; and Messrs. Morton and Logan are nearer to the Grangers than Senator Thurman can be. The only evident truth is, that the Republican carnival is ended—the party is divided. We say it, not exultingly, but sadly. We remember the glories of the party; but we see its sins. Readers will remember that passage in Victor Hugo's "93," where the Marquis de Lantenac decorated the unlucky and brave gunner with the ribbon of merit, and then ordered him to be shot. we affectionately remember the party of Lincoln, and justly record the death of the party of Grant.

THE HAGUE TO PARIS.

NOT content with the schemes already advocated for the Government of France—Marshalate, the Moderate Republic, the Radical Republic, the Commune, the Empire, the Orleans Monarchy and the Legitimate Monarchy, M. Guizot has proposed yet another plan. That veteran statesman advocates a Stadtholderate—a compromise between the Republic and the Monarchy, such as was adopted in the Netherlands after their revolt from Spain. The fact that a statesman so able and experienced as M. Guizot has proposed the scheme entitles it to the serious consideration of his countrymen.

The Stadtholder of the Netherlands was originally simply the viceroy or governor ap-pointed by the King of Spain. When the Provinces revolted against Philip II., 1567, the Prince of Orange was the royal Stadtholder. Joining his fortunes with the patriots, he was driven by the troops of Alva into Germany; but in 1572, having been elected Stadtholder by the three Provinces of Holland, Zealand and Utrecht, he returned at the head of a small army to become the Washington of the Netherlands. He, however, was never made Stadtholder of the remaining provinces, neither were the other princes of the house of Orange who succeeded by election to the same title in Holland, Zealand and Utrecht It was not until 1747 that the seven provinces were united under William IV., in whose family the title, hitherto conferred only by election, was made hereditary.

The powers of the Stadtholder were at no period precisely the same in all the provinces. In most of them he had the right to appoint judicial and other officers from a list sub-mitted to him by the Estates, or representative assemblies of the provinces. In Holland, how-ever, he had only the right of advising as to persons to be appointed to office. He presided over the meetings of the States-General, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy; having the appointment of all officers up to the grade of colonel, but could under-take no military operations without the consent of the States-General. He also had the power to remove the magistrates in certain cities, and the right to pardon criminals except in cases of murder or other heinous crimes. He had a splendid court, being liberally supplied with money, and possessed all the outward magnifi-cence of the monarch of a rich, powerful country. In 1794 the office was abolished by the French, who overran the Netherlands, and when the Congress of Vienna undertook to repair the damages inflicted on monarchical Europe by Napoleon, the rightful Stadtholder was converted into a king.

The Stadtholder of the Netherlands was thus a monarch, so far as appearances were con-cerned, but he really possessed far less power than is held by the President of the United States. Were we to increase President Grant's salary; to deprive him almost entirely of the power of the appointment and removal civil officers; to deprive him of the veto power; to make him, in point of fact, only the executive of the will of Congress, and then to make the Presidency hereditary in his family, we should change him into a very close imi-tation of a Stadtholder of the Netherlands. It suit the political necessities of this country; and it is still more clear that he would be utterly unsuited to France.

The Dutch were cool and cautious;

power. The French are precisely their oppo-site, and when governed by a Convention or Assembly have been equally miszoverned. They need a strong Executive, whether he is styled King, Emperor or President. They have already given MacMahon nearly absolute authority in order that he may preserve order, and because it was felt that M. Thiers, as a constitutional President. did not possess suffi-cient power, although he was far more of a dictator than any American President could venture to be. To replace MacMahon by a venture to be. To replace MacMahon by a Stadtholder would be to simply create a figure head, and to make the Assembly omnipotent. The consequences of such a course would be little less than anarchy. France would be governed by an Assembly whose violence and lack of discretion would subject her to the gravest evils, while the sham monarch, who as Stadtholder should have the right to command an army which he would be powerless to use, and to preside over an Assembly which he could not control, would be an object of just contempt. A worse scheme than that of grafting the political system of the Netherlands upon a nation like the French could hardly be devised. M. Guizot might with equal propriety have proposed to import a Japanese Mikado or a Central Asian Sultan to be the nominal ruler of his country. The Stadtholderate could not exist outside of the Netherlands; and the one condition of its possible success in France would be the previous transformation of the mercurial Frenchmen into stolid, phlegmatic Dutchmen.

THE NEW SOUTH.

THE Edinburgh Review has presented an article in which the writer offers some generalizations from the United States Census in the South. The period of which he writes begins with 1860 and ends with 1870. From the broad picture drawn from the dry statistics we are enabled to judge somewhat of the Southern political problem. It appears that in the ten years from 1860 to 1870 the negro population of the whole country increased only little over nine per cent., while the increase of all nationalities, including immigrants, was something more than twenty-two per cent.; that of the whites alone being more than twenty-four per cent. Where two blacks were added to the population, there were over five whites. The increase among the negroes since the war is not half as great as it was before the war.

The white population of the South in 1860 amounted to five and a half millions. The actual deaths among the Confederate armies were three hundred and fifty thousand. One man out of every three in those armies died. Previous to 1870 very few immigrants to America went to the South. The white race South has increased fast, and has abiding vitality. Its increase from 1860 to 1870, notwithstanding the number of husbands in the field, was over eight per cent., nearly the same rate as that of the negroes, few of whom fell in the war.

The falling off of black births took place after the cessation of hostilities and the be-ginning of freedom. There has been an increase in Georgia of nearly double the average increase, though the general decrease has fallen mostly upon the Cotton States. The increase in Texas has been enormous, and is accounted for in two ways: either the negroes were during the war sent to Texas as a means of preserving slavery as long as possible, or they have naturally moved to a more congenial climate.

There is a tendency of the negroes to leave the rural districts and to go to the cities. During the ten years, 1860-70, the colored population of Charleston increased fifty per cent.; that of New Orleans one hundred per cent.; and that of Washington two hundred per cent. They have forsaken the cabin for the towards. the tenement. In 1860, in the United States, there were 32,629 colored persons at school; in 1870 there were 1,620,978. It is somewhat remarkable that the negro is willing and able to support the women of his family without compelling them to work. Both women and children have withdrawn from the cotton fields. They are beginning to be home-bodies.

The Southern whites, in losing their slaves, really lost outright, in capital, two thousand millions of dollars, the amount of the entire national debt of the United States; and a people, one-sixth of the number of persons in France, had to bear a fine twice large as that imposed upon France by Ger-; or twelve times as much for each per-Every Southern white man, woman and many; child lost about three hundred dollars. To many emancipation was utter ruin.

Concerning property other than slave, the Confederate States in 1860 had a value, real and personal, of over three thousand millions; in 1870 of over two thousand millions of dol-The depreciation, in gold estimate, was over twenty-seven per cent. Union, during the same time, the increase was one hundred per cent. Much Southern land once productive, has gone to waste. In fact, the whole value of property in the South has depreciated one-half, while local taxation has more than doubled. And if we say that property has depreciated one-half, the burden of State, county and city taxation is four times cisely the sort of people to be governed by a as much as it was before the war. This in-legislative body possessing almost supreme crease was accomplished in five years; that

is, from 1865 to 1870. The Southern loss would pay off the national debts of both Great Britain and the United States.

The Elinburgh Reviewer sees clearly the reason why the South has not recuperated with the Northern Slave States—Delaware, Maryland and Missouri. The South was over-Maryland and Missouri.

run with carpetbag adventurers.

Corruption
The carpet-Corruption baggers stole half the taxes. They urged the negroes to crowd into the towns; and the negroes, afraid of the Ku-Klux, obeyed the injunction. The carpetbaggers were not responsible to the South, but only to Washington politicians; that is, to the Republican Party

ENGLAND AND TRADES-UNIONS.

ONE of the first acts of the new English O Government is the appointment of a Labor Commission, to consider the relations labor and capital, and in particular to inquire into the advisability of granting the demands which have latterly been steadily

made by the English trades unions.

These demands are, briefly, the repeal of the laws which forbid acts of violence, threats, or petty annoyances intended to coerce manufacturers or workingmen into compliance with the dictates of a trades-union; the repeal of the law which makes it possible to punish a workman who breaks his contract by imprisonment; and the special exemption of workmen from the operations of the conspiracy

The justice of the law which punishes the blowing up of an obnoxious manufactory, the beating and maiming of a non-unionist workman, or the breaking and concealment of his tools, seems scarcely to stand in need of any argument. The law under which these acts were made punishable was passed at the same time that the British Parliament formally recognized the existence of trades unions and gave them power to act in certain matters as incorporated bodies. No tradesunionist in this country, especially if he were of American birth, would for a moment pretend that acts of lawless violence should be exempt from punishment simply because they were committed in the supposed interests of his union. In England, however, certain of the workmen view these matters differently; and it was in consequence of the murders and other outrages committed by Brodhead, in Sheffield, with the direct support of the Saw-grinders' Union, that the law now so violently denounced was passed.

The plea that workmen should not be liable

to punishment by imprisonment for breach of contract is, at first sight, a more plausible de-There is a certain show of justice in the complaint that, whereas employers who causelessly discharge workmen are punished only by a trifling fine, workmen who have broken their contracts, but who cannot pay their fine, are sentenced to imprisonment. But this seeming discrimination is inevitable, if workmen are to be punished at all. It is often the case that the latter, by deserting an cunployer at a critical period, inflict enormous losses upon him. Are they, then, to go unpunished because they have no money wherewith to pay a fine? Imprisonment, it must be remembered, is inflicted only in default of payment of fines. The workmen would be the first to protest that breaches of contract, whether made by employers or workmen, should in all cases be punished by imprisonment only. And yet this would be the only possible way to subject both to the same penalty. But an equality of punishment is not, in fact, what the English trades-unionists desire. They demand that the employer shall be punished if he discharges his men, while the latter shall be at perfect liberty to quit him whenever they choose. Surely there is nothing like fair play in such a demand as this.

The third demand of the workmen is that they should be exempted from the operation of the general law against conspiracy. that law the workmen in the gas manufactories of London, who some time since agreed to strike work at a time which would render it impossible to replace them so as to secure the immediate lighting of streets, were arrested and punished. There is no question that their scheme, had it proved successful, would have given over London for at least one night to the thieves and garroters, not to speak of the injury to trade and the loss of comfort which it would have entailed. Combinations for a purpose such as this are now punished under the conspiracy law, and the demand is that the workmen shall hereafter have the exceptional privilege of being able to combine to commit acts without punishment which no other class could commit with like impunity. The subject is undeniably a difficult one for the Government to handle. Against the granting of such a favor to the workingmen it is urged that it would be exceptional, and that were they not liable to the provisions of the Conspiracy Act much mischief might ensue. On the other hand, it is plain that judges willfully desirous of injuring the working classes have it in their power to interfere in any strike, and to punish men for taking what is frequently their only possible course to obtain justice. The law, as it stands, is susceptible of being made the instrument of grievous wrong; but to grant the demand of the work-men to be exempted wholly from its provisions would be manifestly unwise.

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And here is seen the propriety and need of just such a Commission as the British Government is about to appoint. Among the members who it is announced will constitute the Commission is the President of the Miners' Union, recently elected to Parliament, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who has the entire confidence of the workingmen, and several eminent statesmen and jurists. In the hands of this Commission it might be supposed that the interests of all concerned would meet with scrupulous fairness. At first the workingmen welcomed the idea of the Commission, but latterly, under the leadership of certain noisy demagogues, they have bitterly denounced it. If their demands can stand the test of scrutiny, they are greatly mistaken in adopting the latter course. truth undoubtedly is that the professional agitators, who make capital by inflaming one class against another, shrink from any fair examination of the matter in dispute, knowing well that for the most part their demands are entirely untenable. The struggle between the Government and the trades-unions in England is of interest to us here, since it foreshadows the similar conflict which is inevitable whenever our workingmen adopt the extreme views of the English unionists. That time may be close at hand, and we apprehend that it is and at all events we need to study the subject in the light of English legislative agitation.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

In the Sanborn investigation it does not appear that General Butler received any "divvy."

THE South will again turn its attention to the raising of corn, the want of a corn crop having compelled the abandonment of the trade in pork.

CONGRESSMAN GARFIELD knows enough to quote We thought that that privilege belongs only to Mr. Garfield's five thousand country editors.

A Boston paper inquires where the "heavy men" are to come from. If that journal means very heavy men, we think they will be found on the Milwaukee

WHITELAW REID announces that the present management of the Tribune has enough stock to prevent the purchase of that paper by any combination of politicians at Washington.

So GREAT was the excitement in England at the conclusion of the Tichborne case that the London Graphic special issue sold over 200,000 copies. On this side of the Atlantic very little interest was taken in the case.

In many portions of the South the white voters are preparing to nominate men of the Conservative and old Confederate Party whose disabilities have been removed. They want Toombs, Ben Hill, and Governor Joe Brown.

Mr. Curtis gives Congressman Phelps great praise for his financial speeches. Meanwhile, we are not sure that Mr. Phelps's district will be Republican next year, or that ex-Senator Cattell is not quietly working for a re-election.

Our national indebtedness abroad amounts to \$1,200,000,000, on which we pay annual interest amounting to \$72,000,000. We have had arrivals of abiding immigrants to the number, in ten years, of 3,221,211, who brought into the country

AFTER the great finance debate last week Senator Matt Carpenter rose and said that he resolved to say nothing, and when smitten on one cheek wished only a chance to turn the other. Mr. Carpenter has so much political and physical cheek, that one would not be at a loss where to smite.

In Marengo County, Ala., at the last State election five hundred negroes voted the Democratic ticket. To this action some of the Democrats object. If these negroes were once good enough to earn bread for the South, it is fool shness to say they are not good enough to earn political freedom for the

THE Southern States furnished more than half the Senators who voted to dilute the currency. Their revenge on the people who despoiled them during the war is complete. They have made a Federal dollar worth only a little more than a Confederate What Lee could not accomplish Merrimon

Several Southern journals welcome Butler as an Inflationist, saying that they cannot be particular about persons when they are in a tight place. There are many, even South, who believe that the Essex statesman will yet lead the Democratic Party to the Presidency, and that he will be a second Old Hickory." Stranger things have happened.

Вотн Detective Sanborn, formerly of Adams' Express, and Solicitor Banfield, of the Treasury Department, give the direct lie to Secretary Richardson. It appears that Richardson knew all about the Sanborn contracts, dictated their terms, and then said he only signed the papers as a matter of routine. Mr. Richardson is either a fool or a knave.

MR. HENRY BERGH has justly extended the province of the society over which he presides by rescuing a girl of eight years from the clutches of a woman who was constantly in the habit of beating it, because it was the child of her husband, but not of herself. All sensible people will extol Mr. Bergh's action, and beg him to continue his good

Major J. M. Bundy, editor of the New York Evening Mail, and formerly of the Milwaukee Sentinet and New York Evening Post, made his reputation as one of our first publicists by a pamphlet inquiry upon the subject "Are we a Nation?" and he had the satisfaction which a young man who tries to do his work well must reasonably feel, of having his opinions quoted in the Supreme Court of the United States. We have so few men, since Parke Godwin wrote his essays, who give their time to slow, deep work in political writing, that two different men. From his recently published Major Bundy's recent lecture on "The Relations between the State and National Governments" Summer appears to have dictated a great many

comes with unique force and hopeful encourage. ment. He calls the States "solid pillars on which the nation rests," and he eloquently adds: "They saved the Union; now, let us save the States!"

MATERIALS for the historian of the period of the civil war are constantly being written. Thus we have ex-Secretary Gideon Welles's reply to Charles Francis Adams, General Joe Johnston's History of the War, Thurlow Weed's Autobiography, and the two recent Lives of Chief-Justice Chase. The Life by Warden contains extracts from the diary of the Chief-Justice, which reveal many important phases of the inside of the Government during the war.

SENATOR BUCKINGHAM, whose Senatorial career was cut short by the Democratic result of the necticut election, is seventy years of age, and was formerly a manufacturer of Norwich, and Governor of Connecticut from 1858 to 1866. He went into the Senate in 1869. He has shown a disposition to aid all the plans of the Administration. If he had served his God as he has served Grant, he would not in his infirmities have been treated like a man who does not deserve any consideration.

WILLIAM BLACK, the writer of "A Princess of hule," the novel which next to Victor Hugo's Thule," the novel which next to victor language "93" has made the sensation of the first quarter on of this year, is a man in the thirties, and a writer on the London Daily News. The English critical jour-nals put him almost into the first rank of novelists. If he had only ended his last book by driving Lavender's yacht upon the shore near Mackenzie's house, and having Lavender become conscious while under the nursing of Sheila, or by doing some-thing equally dramatic, we should like to join those who put him absolutely into the first rank. He wrote just one chapter too many.

THE political movement which led to the election of Governor Booth to the United States Senate from California was a movement against the subsidized California was a movement against the substitute of a railroads. The Legislature which elected Governor Booth has adjourned without passing any Bill to regulate railroad fares and freights. Three Bills for that purpose were defeated. Bad parliamentary tactics on the part of the anti-monopoly men in the Legislature caused them to fail. There are men who say that the Independents intended that the Bills should be killed. There is beginning to be some reason for the Democrats saying that the Independent Dolly Varden movement in California is a

KANSAS CITY, Mo., has held its municipal election, and has gone Democratic. Last year the city was Republican. In April, 1873, when the Republicans last went into power, the floating debt was \$322,321. Now, after one year, it is \$250,760. This would appear to be a reduction. But this is the way the debt was reduced: funding bonds were issued and sold at ninety cents on the dollar for the purpose of taking up the floating debt-\$216,000 worth brought \$194,000, reducing the debt to \$127,921. Therefore the \$250,760 representing the present condition of the debt shows \$122,839 increase. This is the condition of municipal debts all over the country. But Kansas City has changed its administration.

EVERY citizen will be glad to learn that Congress will give considerate attention to Senator Morton's plan for the election of President and Vice-President of the United States. The electoral college, which has nearly always represented the State and not the people, is to be abolished; and by the new plan Congressional districts will give their votes directly for the two chief officers of the Government. In canvassing the vote each district, as its majority indicates its choice, will count one; and a majority of districts in a State will determine for which candidates two extra State votes at large shall be cast. In cases of dispute, the United States District Court is to be arbiter. It is many years since a similar plan was first proposed, but we hope that this one will now be adopted.

MINISTER Low, the American representative in China, having resigned, Secretary Fish desired that Consul-General G. F. Seward, at Shanghai, should be advanced to the position. Senator Sargent, of California, desired that an affable literary gentleman named Benjamin P. Avery, formerly a writer on the San Francisco Bulletin, and Mr. Bret Harte's successor as editor of the Overland Monthly, should be given Mr. Seward's present post. President Grant, however, decided that the position of Minister to China belongs to the Pacific Coast; and so he gave that to Mr. Avery. It is not known that the President does not like the name Seward, so much praised by Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Avery is a worthy, pleasant gentleman, and the President has accidentally made a good choice.

THE words which Senator Conkling used, just be ore the Senate's vote on Inflation, were these: Without necessity or even sore temptation to exenuate it, such a policy spurns the experience of all epochs, tramples on reason and right, and violates the pledged faith of the nation as attested by solemn and repeated acts of the American people in Congress assembled, by the avowals of every Department of the Government, and by the declarations in national convention of the political party which chose most of us to the seats we hold, and chose also a Chief Magistrate bound by his word against every scheme and device of repudiation and dishonor. I mean so to vote that by my act the record of Congress shall not palter in a double sense, and shall not be stained by a trace of bad faith."

SENATOR SCHURZ gives his opinion that Charles Sumner was in the habit of using harsh words whose objectionable meaning he did not purpose or under stand. It will be remembered that he was used to calling the President hard names, and that when he first went into the Senate he called Stephen A. Douglas a skunk. For his words, President Grant became cool towards him, and the Republican Party deposed him. He never could understand their that their that their that their that their that the President was angry with him. They were two different men. From his recently published speech on his difficulties with the President, Mr.

appointments, and notably that of Minister Motley. When Motley was recalled a coolness began to exist between Sumner and Fish. This, we believe. Although ceased towards the end of Sumner's life. the latter never entered the Presidential mansion, there was communication between him and the Administration, one of the results of which was that the great Senator requested the President to ap-point Caleb Cushing to the office of Chief-Justice.

WE are just a little tired of hearing English writers, like those of the New York *Times*, call for "sterling" things, meaning, no doubt, things of genuing and pure quality. They want, for instance, a sterling man for Senator from Massachusetts. Well, James T. Field is a sterling, that is, a pure and genuine man; and a hundred men in a Lowell mill may be sterling, pure and genuine. So we hear may be sterling, pure and genuine. So we hear men talk about sterling writing; but what kind of sterling writing do they mean? Victor Hugo is a pure and genuine writer, but so is John D. New man; and no two men write more differently Thoreau was a sterling, pure and genuine writer— but the same may be said of his very opposite, Thackeray. "Sterling" don't mean any particular thing, and is an adjective used by puzzled men.

lows New Hampshire and wins a great Democratic victory. Mr. Buckingham can no longer earn his living in the Senate, for the State Legislature will give any Republican only a small vote. The dis-affection of the moderate Republicans was both a reproach and a rebuke to the Administration. Connecticut has given her Democratic Governor and Legislature just such a majority as she would to morrow give to an Opposition Presidential candidate over Grant. The Republican leaders who relied upon Government prestige and patronage to uphold them in their own States find that Grant, instead of saving them, kills them. General Hawley is a dead politician; so is Senator Buckingham; so is every other man who falls under the stigma of belonging to the President's party. To-day, the strength which the example of Connecticut supplies makes New York State Democratic.

APROPOS of the agitation for reform in the land laws of Britain, John Bright says: "I have often explained in my speeches what is intended by the term 'free land." It means the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the limitation of the system of entails and settlements, so that 'life interests may be for the most part got rid of, and a real ownership substituted for them. It means also that it shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy and sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as it is in Australia and in many or in all the States of the American Union. It means that no legal encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play, as they have with regard to ships and shares, and machinery and stock-in-trade and money. It means, too, that while the lawyer shall be well paid for his work, unnecessary work shall not be made for him, involving an enormous tax on all transactions in connection with the purchase and sale of lands and houses. A thorough reform in this matter would complete, with regard to land, the great work accomplished by the Anti-Corn Law League in 1846. It would give an endless renown to the Minister who made it, and would bless to an incalculable extent all classes connected with and dependent on honest industry."

THE Kansas City Times, commenting on the fact that for thirteen years the Republican Party has had unquestioned possession of the State of Kar and has fostered unbridled corruption, says: " Fall the people in their majesty made a noble effort to cast off the power which has wellnigh ruined the Commonwealth. Farmers, Grangers, Patrons of Husbandry, honest Republicans and Democrats, laying aside past party affiliations and differences, united for the purpose of defeating corruption and inaugurating an era of retrenchment and reform. The effort which was made last Fall surprised even the most sanguine supporters of the reform move-ment. A widespread and deep-seated disaffection was developed in the ranks of the dominant party. Throughout the entire State the most astonishing revelations were made in county governments. But the great work of reforming and purifying the politics of the State has just been begun. A more important battle is yet to be fought and won. Next Fall a general State election will be held. The people will be called upon to choose an entire set of State officials and three members of Congress.

A Republican Legislature last Winter passed an apportionment Bill, which so districts the State that the Opposition are certain to elect one member of Congress, and possibly three. The Second District will certainly send a Reformer to Congress.

ATLANTA, GA., is one of the hottest and most beautiful cities in the world. But it is filled with negroes and carpetbaggers. In the northwestern portion of Georgia the land, lying very much like the eastern, hilly part of Tennessee, is not very productive: and there much whisky is made. The carpetbag Federal officials at Atlanta have for a long time been plundering the whisky-makers by arresting them for illicit distilling and then letting them go upon the payment of hush-money. whisky-makers, being innocent, but nevertheless being afraid of the Federal power which lies be-hind the United States Marshal, who has soldiers under his command, pay over on an average about \$300 each, and thank the heavenly stars that beam over the placid and hot Atlanta that they escape cheaply. This money is divided among the United States officials. District Attorney Farrow a tall, slightly bald man, who looks very much like an elongated clothespin, shields the United States officers from trial for bribery. United States District Judge Erskine, a pompous, blustering little nonentity, winks at the actions of the District Attorney. Thus the country about Atlanta is pretty well robbed, one of the officials having \$40,000—a good sum considering the poverty of the South. Complaints of these villainous excesses have been made before a Congressional Committee of the Department of Justice—that on Expenditions to criticise a President of the United States.

tures-and it remains to be seen whether the matter is to be hushed up. It is possible that somebody in Georgia has made a speech against President Grant as bad as any article that the Sun ever published, and in that case the State of Georgia must

On Monday of last week the Senate, after a desperate fight, passed the Inflation Bill, which provides for an increase of the legal-tender circulation by \$18,000,000, and of national banknotes by \$46,000,000. The victory was one for the South and West, for the voters which won it came from Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. The following States gave all their Senatorial votes against the Bill: California, Delaware, Maine, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Texas and Vermout. There was a division of votes among some of the States. J. W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, who would have voted against the Bill, was absent; but his colleague, McCreery, voted for it. Old Zach Chandler, of Michigan, who is nearly always right, voted against it; while Ferry, his colleague, voted for it as everybody knew he would. Of course, Bogy, the nonentity of St. Louis, voted for the Bill, and Carl Schurz, of Bogy's State, did not. Oregon was di-vided; so was West Virginia; Tennessee's Cooper, who defeated Andrew Johnson, voted contra, and Brownlow, his colleague, who would have voted pro, was not there. Anthony of Rhode Island strong resolutely against the Bill, and Sprague strangely would have voted for it, if he had been present. Cameron of Pennsylvania was for it, and Scott against it. Carpenter voted age, and Howe. to our gratified surprise, voted may. Too great praise cannot be given to Senators Sherman, Conkling, Anthony, Schurz and Sargent for fighting against the paper fraud.

SENATOR JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, of whom we SERATOR JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, of whom we spoke last week, is receiving congratulations because he made a surprisingly good speech on hard money. Colonel Forney tells a story of how after a meeting at San Francisco where he made an address, Jones said to him, "I am Jones of Nevada: I am the fellow who is going to beat Jim Nye. I was a Broderick Democrat." "He talked for a long time," says Colonel Forney, "and impressed me as a very remarkable man—a man of great force and energy." About his speech in the Senate, Senator Thurman, says: "Jones made more points in ten minutes than all the rest of us in ten days." One who describes "Jones of Nevada," a name that is bound to do a great business in the national future, says: "He is of medium height, heavily built, a good-sized head, well balanced and showing unmistakable signs of indomitable energy and per-severance, as well as a full development of the intellectual faculties. He has brilliant, keen, dark eyes, which look straight at you, as if the owner was determined to take your full measure at a glance. His full beard, mixed with gray, is in fine contrast with his ruddy complexion, the latter the result of good living and robust health. His manner impresses you as that of a straightforward, earnest business man, accustomed to reach his point with as little circumlocution as possible. Senator Jones is about forty-four years of age, in the prime of manhood, with thirty or forty years of work in him. His dress is quite unostentatious, plain black, with very little jewelry, neat and becoming. He keeps bachelor's quarters in the residence formerly occupied by Secretary Stanton, and entertains his friends liberally and handsomely."

In other columns we show how, on general principles, the South has suffered because it seceded in 1861. Recently, a delegation of citizens of South Carolina appeared before the President, and represented that the carpetbag negro government of that State is oppressing the honest industry of its citizens. A delegation of the Administration supporters in South Carolina appeared before the President and said that everything was all right, and he replied that he was convinced. The figures on which he was convinced were these: In the South Carolina Legislature of 1868-9, the first year of the Grant *régime*, the expenses were \$181,639. In 1874 the same expenses are \$1,032,240. The delegation of taxpayers from South Carolina made the following statement, which we vouch for as being correct: "Allow us, Mr. President, to group a few facts which will serve to give some idea of the condition in which we are placed. Our taxable values before the war were near \$500,000,000; they are now reduced to \$150,000,000 or \$160,000,000. Upon that \$500,000,000 before the war was raised, for the ordinary current expenses of government, the sum of about \$400,000; but upon the reduced values of \$150,000,000 there is now raised the annual sum of over \$2,000,000. Considering the loss and depreciation of property, the reduced ability of the people to pay, and the false and exaggerated assessments made, the proportion between the tax now raised and that raised before the war would be as fifteen or twenty to one. When the impoverished condition of the mass of the people is taken into consideration, with what a fearful weight of oppression do these burdens fall upon them. It is no wonder, then, that in one year 268,000 acres of land were for feited to the State for non-payment of taxes, and that in the single county of Beaufort some 800 out of the 2,500 farms sold by the United States to the colored people have also been forfeited for the same. So, too, the funded debt of the State has been increased from about \$6,000,000 to an admitted figure of \$16,000,000, with an undefined margin of floating debt and unacknowledged bonds. To state the case in a few words, it may be said that our present rulers have already utterly destroyed the credit of the State by the excessive issue of bonds, partly legitimate and partly fraudulent, and are non gaged in devouring the substance of the people by the grinding exactions of taxation. Mr. President, this is no false clamor or picture of the imagination. It is real, hard, stubborn fact, and is acknowledged or can be proved." To this statement the President made the reply, that, as a man from South Carolina had abused him as bitterly as the New York Sun he could and would do nothing. It is a very hard

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.-See Page 103



ASHANTEE WAR.—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY RECEIVING NEWS FROM THE FRONT.



ST. PETERSBURG.—THE NEW RUSSIAN IRONCLAD CORVETTE "DUKE OF EDINBURGH."



ENGLAND .-- PRESERVING LIFE IN THE MINES -- PRACTICING WITH THE AEROPHORE APPARATUS.



GERMANY .- UNLOADING A MENAGERIE AT HAMBURG.



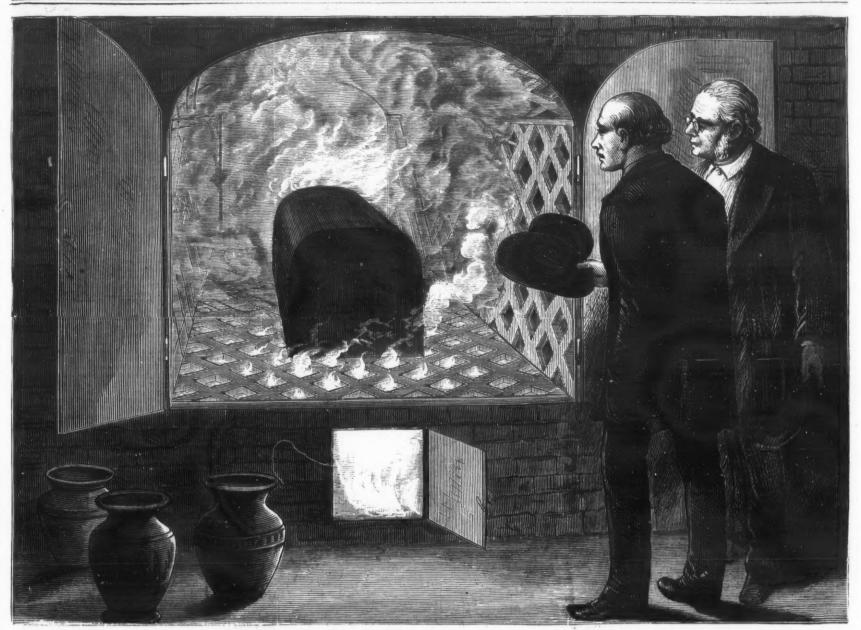
RUSSIAN GEORGIA .-- A NOBLEMAN'S FAMILY AT HOME.



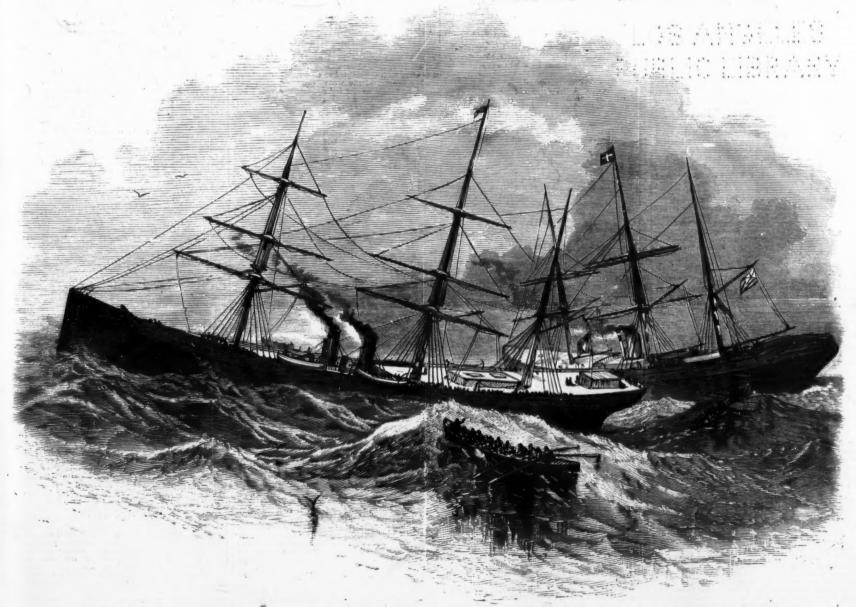
PARIS.—THE MARKET FOR WASHERWOMEN IN THE STREET AUX OURS.



LONDON. - THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S BALL AT WILLIS'S BOOMS.



CREMATION .- METHOD PROPOSED BY SIR HENRY THOMPSON FOR BURNING DEAD BODIES .- SEE PAGE 103.



THE STEAMSHIP "GREECE" RESCUING THE PASSENGERS OF THE SINKING STEAMSHIP "EUROPE," APRIL 2D .- FROM SERTCHES AND INFORMATION GIVEN BY AN OFFICER.-SEE PAGE 103,

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

THY ship, they say,
Is in the bay,
And thou not of her number;
Beneath some far
And foreign star
They've left our boy to slumber.

No sweet friend keeps Thy grave and weeps
By stealth where thou art lying;
But o'er thy home
The white sea-foam
For evermore is flying.

The sea-moss spread Is all thy bed, he sea-weed is thy pillow; The salt wave all Thy shroud and pall he coral stone thy pillow

Yet rest thee well, Yet rest thee well,
The deep sea-shell
Shall sigh with those that love thee;
And wild winds urge
From ev'ry surge
A solemn dirge above thee.

KIRSTIE BRYDONE.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

WHAT can hae come owre Archie?" murmered Kirstie Brydone, as for the twentieth time that day's he rose and went to the cottage door to look for her husband. It was between two and three on the afternoon of Hogmanay, the last day of the year. On every side undulating ranges of hills met her eye, and seemed to close in the wide valley from the world beyond. The sur. was low in the west, enveloped in a strange reddish haze; behind the hills to the north great masses of heavy clouds were rolling up, piled one above another; a bitter, icy wind whistled down the valley, bearing on its wings an occasional snowflake; while to the south the great range of hills rose up, clear and distinct in their slight mantle of snow, against the purplish sky.

snowflake; while to the south the great range of hills rose up, clear and distinct in their slight mantle of snow, against the purplish sky.

Kirstie looked around in all directions, but could see nothing of her husband, who had been absent since the early morning, and saying to herself, "I wish I saw him sale hame; it's gaun to be a wild nicht, I doubt," she closed the door and returned to the fireside. She put on some peats, made herself certain that the kettle was boiling, so that she night "mask" the tea as soon as Archie came in; then, drawing forward the little table which was all ready set for tea, she sat down on a low chair and resumed her occupation of rocking the cradle.

As she bent over the fair little baby it contained, the firelight light up a very homely face; a mouth rivaling in width the famous Meg of Harden's, small gray eyes, and a low forehead; and yet the face was not without its redeeming points. The large mouth disclosed two rows of pearly teeth; the leyes were frank and sweet, with a confiding trustfulness in them; and the forehead was crowned with masses of soft brown hair. She was remarkably tall, nearly six feet, and splendidly proportioned, with the exception of her arms, which were rather long. And at the time of her marriage—just a year before this—there were many jokes passed upon the fact that she was two or three inches taller than her husband, who was little and slight, with a fair boyish face, which made him look younger than Kirstie, though he was twenty-five and she was only twenty-two. Archie Brydone let them laugh away, and could well afford to do so, for none knew so well as himself what a treasure he had got in this honely wife of his.

When Kirstie was a little lassic of eight years old,

conly twenty-two. Archie Brydone let them laugh away, and could well afford to do so, for none knew so well as himself what a treasure he had got in this homely wile of his.

When Kirsta was a little lassic of eight years old, her father and mother died of lever within a week of each other, and left her as frendless or phan. Strangely endight, her father, who was a shepherd also, had had this very herding of Dynefoot, and the ootage to which and fathered a bride was the same his will have fathered a bride was the remained till she was married, first as a little herdigirl, then as nurse to the children, and finally as dairymaid. It was during the two or three Sumeners which she spent herding the cows that she first knew Archie Brydone. He was a delicate, puny boy, who even then looked young for his years, and his parents feared at one time that he was going to be lame, though he grew out of it afterwards. His father had taken a dairy on the neighboring farm of Earbreck, and Archie was set to the task of herding, a very necessary one in those great stretches of moorland and pasture, where there were few if any proper fences.

In their pastoral enjoyment the two children became inseparable companions. Archie was a smart loy, and a good reader, and many a lesson he gave Kirstie, who was a diligent though not very apt pupil, for at all times of her life her heart was intinitely greater than her intellect. At other times he would read aloud to her, while she worked her stockings; and sheltered by an old plaid, which preserved them alike from the sun, wind and rain, they passed many happy hours.

Finally, Archie thought he must learn to "weave" stockings for himself, and, under Kirstie's tuition, soon became nearly as clever as she was herself; and so her dream of a companion-knitter under the rowan-tree was realized, though very differently from what she anticipated, as dreams often arc.

The happy Sammers passed in this way, and then Archie, having outgrown his lameness, was sent away to farm service; and when he be

rowan-tree, with which he was inseparably associated.

A great surprise was in store for her, however, for he came back to Mr. Gray's as young herd. Kirstie had not heard the name of the young man who was coming; indeed, had known nothing about him, except that he was coming from the Highlands. She was in the kitchen alone when he came in; it was susk and she did not recognize his voice; but the firelight was slining full upon her as she stood making the porridge, in the cook's absence, and after a minute's quiet survey, he was certain that this tall girl, with the grand figure and plain face, was no other than his old friend Kirstie.

"Do ye ever herd the coos for onybody, nowadays, Kirstie?" he said at length, very quietly.

"Preserve us all!" exclaimed Kirstie, nearly upsetting the porridge in her agitation; then as the fire blazed up, and disclosed the fair curly head and merry blue eyes she remembered so well, she said with tearful eyes and trenbling voice: "Can this be you, Archie Brydone? Glad am I to see ye back again. But what a start ye gied me, for mony's the time I've wondered if ye were alive."

"Alive and hearty," replied Archie, with rather a forced laugh, to hide the emotion he really felt when he saw how agitated she was. But the truth is, I wearied o' the Highlands, and I thought I would try the low country again."

Archie was surprised to find, as time passed on, and he and Kirstie dropped in their old friendly terms, how little changed she was in mind from what she used to be; the same simple, guileless creature, strong as a rock for truth and right, and thoroughly unselifish.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were so much attached to her that they looked on her almost as a child of the house, and yet she was so unconscious of any special favor, that she quite avoided all jealousy on the part of her fellow-servants. Archie staid steadily on at Auchensack, and became almost as much a part of the household as Kirstie; the other servants went and came, but these two remained fixtures.

servants went and came, but these two remains fixtures.

When Archie had been three years with Mr. Gray, the shepherd at Dynefoot left to take a small farm, and Mr. Gray offered it to Archie, adding with a sly glance, that he would have to look out for a wife in that case. Archie thanked him, and asked for a few days to think of it, which Mr. Gray most willingly granted.

most willingly granted.

That was on a Saturday; and on the afternoon of Sunday, which was a bright September day, Archie asked Kirstie if she would take a walk with him to the rowan-tree; and there, at the place where they first met, and where they had played and worked as children, he asked her if she would be his life-long companion.

the rowan-tree; and there, at the place were they first met, and where they had played and worked as children, he asked her if she would be his lifelong companion.

No one can doubt what Kirstie's answer was; he had been the one love of her childhood and of her lateryears, and the sun never shone upon a prouder, happier bride.

It was an additional source of happiness, too, the fact that they were to live in her old home, though many a one would have thought it a solitary place enough. It was three miles from Auchensack, and about as far from the nearest shepherd's house, and was away quite among the hills, commanding a splendid view of one of the loveliest of the Dumfriesshire valleys. It was a roomy, comfortable cotage, whitewashed, with a thatched roof, a nice garden in front, and two elm-trees at one side. It was the picture of comfort; the kitchen, especially, with its sanded floor, clean as hands could make it; the dresser, gay with willow-pattern plates, and many-colored bowls and "pigs" (crockery); the huge settee by the fire, and the antique clock, which had belonged to Kirstie's grandfather. It stood just about a hundred yards from the mouth of the deep, dark, precipitous glen, which took its name from the Dyne, a little burn which brawled along at the foot.

Archie entered on his duties at Martinmas, and they were married on the Hogmanny following, at Auchensack, when there was a dance in the barn, and general merry-making. And so time had slipped away, every season seeming happier than the last, Kirstie thought, and, happiest of all, the dark days of Winter, since a little blossom came upon a November day, and filled their cup of happiness to overflowing. It was a lovely, fair little inlant, with Archie's blue eyes and flaxen hair; and he was, if possible, more passionately fond of it than Kirstie hinself.

Kirstie thought of her happy lot with a deep, un-

than Kirstie himself.

Kirstie thought of her happy lot with a deep, un-Kirstic thought of her nappy for with a deep, un-uterable thankfulness, as she sat absently rocking the cradle. She was one of those women who have great difficulty of utterance, whose words are few, but their thoughts many, and, above all, her re-ligion was truly a part of herself and of her daily

but their thoughts many, and, above all, her religion was truly apart of herself and of her daily life.

The sun had now set, and darkness was coming on, while the wind whistled more shrilly than ever, and with an eerie scund, which made her shudder. She was becoming anxious by Archie's long-continued absence. He had left home in the morning with the first peep of daylight, to climb the hill, according to his custom, and intended to be home, as he usually was, by eleven.

She tried, meanwhile, to calm her anxiety by thigking that something might have happened to one of the sheep, or that he might have been delaiked gathering them into the fold in preparation fof an approaching storm. At length she heard the dog scratching at the door, and joyfully said to herself: "He canna be far of noo!" but, on opening the door, the dog, instead of running joyfully to the fire, or curling himself up beneath one of the beds, as he usually did, began to jump fawningly upon her, and to whine pitifully; she could not understand the reason of this at all, when suddenly an idea burst upon her mind, which speedily became a certainty. Archie was ill, had hurt himself, perhaps somewhere on the hills, and the dog had come for help. She shook off a deadly faintness which crept over her at the thought; and, rousing herself, she drew the fire together, in case of sparks, placed the cradle on one of the beds for safety, and throwing a plaid around her, followed the dog.

During these preparations, "Laddie" had stood still and motiouless as a statue; but, when she moved towards the door, he jumped with delight, licked her hands, and bounded forward in the direction of the glen. The ordinary route along Glen Dyne was to climb the steep hill which rose behind Dynefoot, and then to keep up by a footpath which wound along the top of the glen for about a mile. There was no fence or protection whatever; and there were several sad stories told of people who had missed their footing, or, in the darkness, had wandered too near the edge, and so had

had missed their footing, or, in the darkness, had wandered too near the edge, and so had come to a violent end.

Just two Winters before this, an unfortunate packman, with a donkey, who was well-known to all the farmhouses, had disappeared. It was thought that some one must have made away with him for the sake of his pack, which, as it was New Year's time. was unusually heavy. It was only conjecture, however; for when at last the snow had melted, the mystery was solved, and poor Tom Carson, with his donkey and pack, was found at the bottom of Glen Dyne. It was a sad story, and cast a deeper shade of gloom over Glen Dyne, which bore no good name already. As Kirstie toiled up the hill, it all came back appallingly aftesh to her memory.

About half way up the steep, precipitous side of the glen there ran a very narrow, insecure footpath called "Tod's Path," running to a fox-burrow up near the head of the glen. Few people ever venured alone in it, except the gamekeepers and the shepherds, and even they did not care to try it except in broad daylight. At the point where this path turned off from the face of the hill, "Laddie" began again to jump upon his mistress; and running a few steps along the path and coming back, he wagged his tail and looked up at her with beseeching eyes, saying as plainly as a dog could say, in his mute but expressive language: "Come this seeching eyes, saying as plainly as a dog could say, in his mute but expressive language: "Come this way." Kirstie did not hesitate to follow, bad though the way was, for it led, she was sure, to her nusband; and, besides, as a little child the had often to come with her father before she knew what fear was, and, therefore, knew every turn and bend in the path. Toiling up the wild solitude, her icel-ings overcame her, and unconsciously forced from her lips the cry: "Oh! Archie, Archie, my man, where are ve?!"

where are ye?"

Just at this point a little runlet of water which

came down from the hill had spread itself across the path in a solid sheet of ice. Kirstie hesitated, but there was no other way; it was life or death, and she must hasten off, so she did cross, but her foot slipped and she narrowly escaped falling. The snow now began to fall more quickly and in large flakes, and she had to trust more to memory for the path than actual sight. On and on she went, however, till she had gone nearly a mile up the glen, when suddenly "Laddie" gave a short, joyful bark, and she saw a dark object stretched across the path. It was indeed Archie; he was leaning against a large stone which seemed to have broken his fall; his hair was powdered with snow, his face was white and frigid, and his lips were livid. Kirstie never doubted but that he was dead, and threw herself on the ground beside him, with a cry of agony; when suddenly his eyes opened, a conscious look came into his face, and he said in faint, low tones: "Is that you, Kirstie? I thoct I was gaun to dee my lane, and never see ye mair."

"Oh, wheest, Archie," she wailed; "ye'll break my heart; dinna speak that way."

He continued, after a moment's pause: "I slipped at the top o' the brae, and I maun hae dwamed, fainted, for I wakened as cauld as stane, wi' Laddie licking my face: so I sent him hame, puir beast. No help could do me guid now, Kirstie, 'he said, as if in answer to the thoughts which were passing through her mind at the moment. "My leg is broken; and I've hurt my side; and, wi' the darkness and the storm, there's nobody fit to help me, gin they were here; and it wad be hours before anybody would come. Oh! Kirstie, woman, I maun leave ye and the wee bairn,' he added, with a choking sob.

Kirstie did not answer for a moment; and then frace was lighted up with a look of high resolve, and she said: "Mony a time, Archie, I have wondered wheth I we decond mendered whith a look of high resolve, and she said: "Mony a time, Archie, I have wondered where he were decond mendered wheth I we decond mendered where he were decond m came down from the hill had spread itself across

gin they were here; and it wad be hours before anybody would come. Oh! Kirstie, woman, I maun leave ye and the wee bairn," he added, with a choking sob.

Kirstie did not answer for a moment; and then her face was lighted up with a look of high resolve, and she said: "Mony a time, Archie, I have wondered why the Lord gied me my great strength and my long arms, but I see it now; and, if it be His will. I will save you this night."

"Ye're no fit to carry me." Archie remonstrated freely; "and think what a road, Kirstie."

"Do I no ken the road better than ony herd in the country?" she replied; "and we maun ask for help higher than man's."

As she knelt beside her husband, with the snow falling on her upturned lace, and the wild wind whistling round, and in few and simple words, as if she were speaking to a near and loving friend, asked the aid of the Almighty arm to guide her perilous way and keep her leet from falling, Archie Brydone, even in the midst of his pain and weakness, felt that he had never before truly known his wife. She then lifted Archie as gently and tenderly as she could; but he gave a deep groan, and she found that he had fainted quite away. "Maybe it's better," she murmured; "he winna know till the danger's past." Then, with another upward glance for help, she set out on her dangerous way.

It would by this time have been perfectly dark, but there was a little moonlight, just enough to show the mere outline of the path and the glen. The path itself was by this time quite covered with snow; every step was taken in uncertainty; she hardly knew if she were keeping the path. Strong as she was, she staggered at times under her burden, while everything around looked wild and weird in the half-darkness and the thick-falling snow." Laddie," trotting in front of her and guiding her on her way, was the only gleam of comfort she had. She went along more by instinct than sight, and after a weary while she began to think that she must be coming near the mouth of the glen, when suddenly she remembered it was

should be the means of bringing them to Dynefoot so opportunely.

The children at Auchensack were extremely fond of Kirstie, and it was a favorite amusement of theirs every afternoon, as the dusk came on, to watch for the light appearing in her window. When, long after the usual time, none appeared, they could not understand it at all; the anniversary of her weddingday, too! What could be the matter? At last, Mr. and Mrs. Gray became uneasy themselves, and sent off the two men, who arrived at the very time when their help was most needed.

Archie "came to" after a little; but nothing they could do had any effect in arousing Kirstie; so one of them went back to Auchensack, and from there was sent on for the doctor. Poor man! he was just sitting down to a cozy little party, which had assembled to see the "Old Year out and the New Year in." when he was told that the shepherd at Dynefoot had had a bad fall in the glen, and his wife was "neare deid" with carrying him home.

"Carrying him home!" said one of the party, increadinally. "Why, it is impossible: the woman

"Carrying him home!" said one of the r credulously. "Why, it is impossible; the must be an Amazon." said one of the party, in-

So she is, both in body and soul," replied the

"So she is, both in body and soul," replied the doctor, who had known her forgvears; "and, as it is on her account and her husband's, I don't mind the long ride over the snow one bit; so good-night, and a happy New Year to you all."

Kirstie was not "neare deid," but she got a great shake, and for some time was graver and quieter than her wont; as if the wings of the Angel of Death had really passed closely by her. One lasting trace she had of her exertions that night—her pretty brown hair was ever after thickly streaked with gray.

Archie, after heing ill for a long time, became eventually quite strong and hearty again; but all his life after was influenced by that wild night in Glen Dyne, and the lesson in simple faith taught him by his wife.

When the "Laird" came to Auchensack, next Autumn, shooting, he was so pleased to hear of Kirstie's exploit, knowing the glen well as he did, that he gave the cottage at Dynefoot to her and Archie for their lifetime, promising to build one, if required, for another shepherd. Kirstie was amazed beyond measure with this gift, and it was a mystery to her why people called her a heroine.

BROOK FARM.

A SOCIAL ENTERPRISE.

A SOCIAL ENTERES.

(**WHAT was Brook Farm?")* as question which has probably been asked at some time by every cultivated American of the present generation. Several attempts have been made at different times to give an account of this most interesting experiment in founding a community, but they have all been meagre, or full of errors, and hence unsatisfactory. The few persons who are sufficiently familiar with the facts to reveal the history of Erock Farm have not reveal the history of Erock Farm have not greatly the submority, I may say that the facts related in the following unpretending sketch are authentic, and when the source of the information is not given, the statements may be considered as perfectly trustworthy. At the outset, it is necessary to say that the object of the Brook Farm experiment was religious, and not intellectual; practical, and not trangendental, not-withstanding the current belief to the contrary. It admed at the moral, intellectual and program and the intellectual; practical, and not trangendental, not-withstanding the current belief to the contrary. It admed at the moral, intellectual and program and the intellectual intellectual and program and the intellectual intellectual and program and intellectual intellectual and program and intellectual and and intellec

practical must not be forgotten. Buildings were built, stock and farm implements bought, and a school opened. Several experienced farmers joined school opened. Several experienced farmers joined the enterprise. The proceeds from the farm sufficed to feed all the seventy members who had joined up to August, 1842, and, united to the charges for tuition to strangers in the school, served to pay interest on the money invested. There were no wealthy persons in the concern, and most of the capital was subscribed in small sums, George Ripley and a few others being the principal contributors. The bulk of their number were persons in moderate means, to whom the accomplishment of the scheme seemed worth working for. Sevenal mechanics, who were hired to work about the place, asked leave to become members, and gave up some of the income they were getting by outside work in order to secure the advantages of the Farm to themselves and to their children.

A farmer whose land joined that of the association offered to throw his farm int theirs on condition that he should be received into the community, while Emerson mentions an English baronet who was not only a free visitor, but stopped as a colonist the enterprise. The proceeds from the farm sufficed to feed all the seventy members who had

in the society, and was more or less directly inter-

in the society, and was more or less directly interested in its holders and success.

The teaching department at Brook Farm was very thoroughly conducted. There were a variety of schools; some on the old-fashioned plan, where the children were all taught in one class, and others where a few, and even a single pupil, received the undivided attention of one teacher; while there was a higher kind of instruction for older children. The Kindergarten system was enforced under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who has since introduced it so successfully. There were also classes for instruction to adults, where the classics, modern languages, mathematics, history, philosophy and other subjects were taught. Mr. J. S. Dwight gave instruction in music, in which old and young shared. Even the workmen in the field attended some of the classes, while the teachers, in many cases, carried on a good deal of other work at the same time. One of them, who had classes in history, moral philosophy, and various branches of elegant literature, took care at the same time of a house with fourteen rooms; yet during the year she only missed two recitations. One man above forty years of age, who had been engaged in a mechanical pursuit all his life, studied German with the greatest perseverance.

The books of the members were combined into a library, in a pleasant room, and freely used by all. On Sundays a service was held within the estab-

years of age, who had been engaged in a mechanical pursuit all his life, studied German with the greatest perseverance.

The books of the members were combined into a library, in a pleasant room, and freely used by all. On Sundays a service was held within the establishment, and there were several churches near at hand where such as chose might attend. The children gathered together spontaneously to sing hymns, and to be read to by those who volunteered to do so. Not only on this day, but on others as well, a strong religious feeling was manifested by the members. At their meals all ate together, after each one had changed his or her working-dress for a more appropriate one. A due observance of social forms was always kept up, and the highest courtesy was practiced. In the evenings, each one amused himself or herself as he or she pleased. Some sought their own rooms, others the parlors, library or music-room, or rambled in the open air. The social intercourse enjoyed was of the highest kind, as might be expected from the quality of the members, and special efforts were made by the leaders of the association to promote sociability.

Brook Farm was distinctively an industrial establishment, and had as a leading principle that all must labor. Its leading object, as set forth by its founder, was teaching, using the word in its broadest sense, but other occupations were combined with this. A variety of trades were carried on. It was expected that all kinds of trades and occupations would be pursued on the farm, so that all the wants of the little community could be supplied within its own border; but from necessity, agriculture, teaching and simple housekeeping were the principal pursuits of the members. The farm was only partly cultivated, for want of sufficient hands to manage it. They raised a good deal of hay, and kept a dozen cows, whose milk they sold to outside consumers—parishioners of Theodore Parker, who were in the milk business; while they disposed of a considerable stock of vegetables at the markets of

were persons of delicate breeding and refinement, who were unused to hard work or to manual labor of any kind. The most cultivated and refined members of the association worked hardest by far, as might be expected from their zeal, those who had been previously accustomed to toil for a living being glad to avail themselves of the privilege of working no more than they chose to do. Though many of the members had not been brought up in good society, yet there was no vulgarity or coarseness in their habits, because all had the desire to improve and to do their best, and were ever ready to copy the good example of their superiors.

The office of housekeeper was filled by all the ladies in succession, at first, as they feared that bad effects might follow from having it permanently occupied by one person; but in time one was unanimously chosen to perform its duties. All shared the food alike, seated at the same table. There were no servants, nor distinctions of rank or position; but they endeavored to follow out literally the Master's injunction in this respect.

A captious critic of Brook Farm speaks of the work done there as "hammering butterflies' wings." This, however, is both an error and an injustice. The usual programme for the day was to get up at sunrise, and, after putting on coarse blue blouses, tow pantaloons and heavy brogans, milking half a dozen cows a piece; and then having breakfasted, plowing, oftentimes barefooted, until noon; after which the leading members would hear classes recite in Butler's "Analogy," or in other advanced studies. This may be called recreation, but most people would consider it hard work, and for persons delicately nutrured, like many of the members, it is surprising that they could endure such severe exertion. One day as Hawthorne and Ripley, after plowing for six hours, had ceased their labors at noonday, the former quoted from Milton's "Comus":

"The day is o'er, our work is done, And we may fly or we may run?"

"The day is o'er, our work is don And we may fly, or we may run

And we may fly, or we may run."

To which Hawthorne lugnbiously replied: "Speak for yourself, as I can do neither."

The characters in the "Blythdale Romance" are wholly fletitious, though the scene in Brook Farm was in good keeping with the personages whom he desired to introduce—"The self-conceited philanthropist; the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden whose tremulous nerves endow her with sibylline attributes; the minor poet beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which died out with his youthful fervor; all these might have been looked for at Brook Farm, but, by some accident, never made their appearance there."

CREMATION.

(Continued from front page.)

(Continued from front page.)
an average 100 pounds, fill our cemeteries with two and a half million pounds of animal matter to poison the air and water which we breathe and drink. A report of the French Academy says that "from whatever direction the wind may blow over Paris, it always carries with it the foul, disease-breeding air of either Père-la-Chaise, Montmartre or Mont Parnasse cemeteries; and as the water we drink is impregnated with the poisonous products of these cemeteries, it is not to be wondered at that lung and throat-diseases carry off the Parisians at the rate of many thousands a year."

Even the gases and water-soakage from country churchyndres increase the mortality far more than is generally supposed.

generally supposed.

Many Christians of the old school still believe that

the actual body is to be raised in the resurrection, therefore it must not be mutilated, much less burned. But this objection is wearing away, and such men as Beecher and Collyer claim that the belief is contrary to the teachings of the New Testament, and especially of Paul, who declares that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. The ancient Romans believed in immortality, and yet they burned their dead.

The eminent physicians and scientific experts who favor cremation say that an official examination would be made of each body before it is burned, rendering it impossible for criminals to poison their victims without detection. Pesides this, it is proposed to keep the stomachs for a certain time after the burning.

Instead of expensive, unhealthy cometeries and the actual body is to be raised in the resurrection, |

posed to keep the stomachs for a certain time after the burning.

Instead of expensive, unhealthy cemeteries and costly funerals, a cremation-house, costing \$40,000, with strong reverberating furnaces, would reduce the New York dead to ashes at much less trouble and outlay than by the present mode of burial. The building should be large enough to contain two or three halls, and, separated from them, as many apparatuses for burning the bodies. The mourners could assemble in the hall, where a speech would be made, or an appropriate hymn sung, during the time the burning takes place, which will not require more than thirty or forty minutes.

In ancient times the corpse, with the couch on which it was borne, was placed on the funeral

In ancient times the corpse, with the couch on which it was borne, was placed on the funeral pyre, and the nearest relative, with a valled face, kindled the wood. Perfumes, ornaments and precious oils were frequently thrown on the body while it was being consumed. When the flames had ceased, the embers were extinguished with wine, then the ashes were gathered into urns, sprinkled with perfumes, and deposited in sepulchres.

In the modern cremation-house a powerful reverserating furnace will reduce a body of more than average size and weight, leaving only a few white and fragile portions of earthy material, in less than one hour.

one hour.

Professor Sir Henry Thompson, of London, says that he personally superintended the burning of two bodies, one of which weighed 140 pounds, and in fifty minutes it was reduced to four pounds of odorless powder. With one of the furnaces, invented by Dr. William Siemens, he obtained even a more rapid and more complete combustion. The body weighed 227 pounds, and was not emaciated. It was placed in a cylindrical vessel about seven feet long by five or six in diameter, the interior of which was already heated to about 2,000° Fahr. The inner surface of the cylinder is smooth, almost polished, and no solid matter but that of the body is introduced into it. The product, therefore, can be nothing more than the ashes of the body. No foreign dust can be introduced, no coal or other solid combustible being near it—nothing but heated hydrocarbon in a gaseous form and heated air. Nothing is visible in the cylinder before using it but a pure almost white interior, the lining having acquired a temperature of white heat. In this case, the gases given off from the body so abundantly at first passed through a highly heated chamber among fire-bricks, laid lattice fashion. None of the noxious matter nor any smoke secaped. In fifty-five minutes only five pounds of ashes remained. The professor says further that ordinary burials take place in the open air, necessitating exposure in all weathers, while cremation is conducted in a building, and the remains can do no injury to the living atterwards. one hour.
Professor Sir Henry Thompson, of London, says while cremation is conducted in a building, and the remains can do no injury to the living afterwards. The burial process prolongs decay, and many years are required to do what cremation completes in less than an hour.

If the ancient system is revived, the scenes of Greece and Rome will be as familiar in New York as they once were within the walls of the Eternal City, and the mournful picture of the torch and urn will no longer be confined to the classic legends of antiquity.

THE "EUROPE" DISASTER.

THE "EUROPE" DISASTER.

THIS is the Winter of ocean calamities. On the 2d of April the French steamer Europe, of the line to which the Ville du Havre belonged, was found by the steamer Greece in a sinking condition, and her 400 passengers were taken off. The Greece then proceeded on her voyage to New York. Two days afterwards the Europe signaled the steamer Egypt to take her in tow, which was done; but the hawser very soon parted, and as the water was pouring into the hold the salvage crew were transferred to the latter ship, and brought to New York. Our illustration represents the passengers leaving the Europe.

M. ERNEST RENAN.

M. ERNEST RENAN.

A WRITER for the Cincinnati Commercial who has visited the great French religious writer in Paris, says: I found Ernest Rénan working on the last pages of the manuscript of his "Origin of Christianity." He is a man of about filty, thick-set, but not tall, with a full face and a strong brow. His eye is at once sweet and penetrating, and his voice both gentle and firm. He gives one the impression of a man who has a great deal of work in him, and one likely to give the orthodox far more trouble than he has even yet done. With his smooth-shaven face and black Academic dress he conveys still the impression of the priest until he converses, when he is felt to be more than all a scholar. He divides his labors between his theological writings and the Asiatic Society, of which he is secretary, and which, indeed, rests mainly on his shoulders. The war cost France two of her best Oriental scholars, though their death was little noted by the world. One of these was M. Caussin de Perceval, formerly Vice-President of the Société Asiatique. He was the author of an admirable book in three volumes, entitled. "The History of the Arabs before Islamism." He died near the close of the siege, in good part of grief. The other was M. Theodule Deveria, one of the conservators of the Egyptian Museum, and a most laborious Egyptologist. He had for many years been able to ward off consumption by passing the Winter at Cannes, and, the siege having prevented that, he died. Since then there have died M. Guillaume Lejean, the Asiatic traveler and writer, and Judge Obry, of Amiens, a learned writer on Mythology and Philology. In a report just made by Rénan to the Society, he showed that, Frenchman though he was, he is still above all a thinker and a sazadu. He contrasted with emphasis the learning displayed by German researches with those displayed by the French. awarding superior credit to the former. And in closing he spoke to his learned brothers in the following terms:

"Let us continue, gentlemen, our laborious recredit to the former. And in closing he spoke to his learned brothers in the following terms:

his learned brothers in the following terms:

"Let us continue, gentlemen, our laborious researches, in full assurance that by so doing we are performing the part of good citizens and good patriots. At this hour we can render our unhappy country no better service than in preserving for one part and reviving for another the tradition of solid intellectual culture. It is because France has permitted to perish from her breast the scientific spirit, the habits of precision and exact reasoning, and the aptitude for holding many subjects at once under regard, that she has been precipitated into a disas-

trous war, conquered, and then plunged into the most desolating civil strife. All the parts of intellectual culture hold together; the sensorium commune of a nation is composed of a thousand individual functions of which no one can be neglected with impunity. The brilliant qualities of other times will not suffice us; intelligence, the result of a vast scientific culture drawn from all points of the reality accessible to the human mind, will still remain the measure of a nation's power. It is in working for reform in the intellectual education of France, much more than by agitations and sterile declanations, that we will contribute to her rehabilitation. Let us do our duty as men of science every hour, without seeking popularity or even hoping for recompense, and we shall be assured of having served our country."

M. Rénan spoke very warmly of his old friend Strauss; the war made no change in their friendship. He said that he thought that Strauss was too skeptical concerning the religious outlook of the liberated mind of mankind when he (Strauss) expressed the belief that no organization would ever arise to succeed the Christian Church when it has passed away. He (Rénan) had no doubt that simple Theism, entirely separated from Christianity, (which is a sect,) would be able to unite the ethereal and ideal elements of the world, and form a church which would have a great and universal career. In this connection he spoke of the work which Theodore Parker had done as prophetic. He had read and reread Weiss's "Lite of Parker," and regarded the great Bostonian as having surpassed any Christian nong his contemporaries in simple and pure piety. He also spoke with enthusiasm of fallny Walldo Emergen. It had hear his grood for had read and reread Weiss's "Lie of Parker," and regarded the great Bostonian as having surpassed any Christian among his contemporaries in simple and pure piety. He also spoke with enthusiasm of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It had been his good fortune to meet him recently in Paris, and he was as deeply impressed by the man as by his works. He certainly was one of the few men living who could be described in the ancent sense of the word as "philosopher." Rénan's most intimate friends are Henri Taine and Sainte-Beuve. Taine lives but a few steps off, and is still bard at work on his "Contemporary France," and also on a "History of the French Revolution." It is not a little painful to observe the shyness and reserve which most of these French scholars hold toward politics. When public affairs are spoken of they look aged, and despair overshadows them. They appear to have left the cloisters of the past only to sectude themselves in the retreats of scholarly isolation. And this not from any indifference, but, alas, because they have no faith in the power of thought or heart to resist the coils of Fate closing around France.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY RECEIVING NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

Our illustration of Sir Garnet Wolseley receiving new Our illustration of Sir Garnet Woiseley receiving news from the front represents him riding in a Madeira chair so constructed and fixed to bamboo poles that four natives carry him with ease. The officer who brings the news has been wounded, and he rides on a white mule. He comes as close as the underbrush will allow, and hands the general a slip of paper. Those near him press up and try to read the news in his face, but he has a recent beard, and his countenance does not appear to change in the least.

THE NEW RUSSIAN IRONCLAD.

The Duke of Edinburgh is the name of the new Russian corvette recently built at the Baltic Iron Shipbuilding Company's Works in St. Petersburg. She was named by order of the Emperor, on the 11th of February. Our illustration represents the ceremony of depositing the silver name-plate, in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke Alexis, and the Minister

PRESERVING LIFE IN THE MINES.

PRESERVING LIFE IN THE MINES.

The chief horrors of a miner's life are the deadly gases of the mines. Many life-saving inventions have been devised; yet, until recently there has been but little success. Twelve years ago M. Ronquayral exhibited an apparatus for enabling the wearer to breathe with safety in the most deadly vapors. He received little encouragement until a member of the Paris Polytechnic School removed the complicated features of the first invention. With it the miner has light; and by the means of a small portable contrivance he is able to penetrate a mine filled with choke-damp and remain for several hours, carrying a lamp and having free use of his hands. The apparatus is of two kinds—low and high pressure. The air is compressed by powerful pumps, and as it becomes exhausted the cylinders are taken away and refilled. We give a picture of the machine.

UNLOADING A MENAGERIE.

Barnum's latest show lends additional interest to the Barnum's latest show lends additional interest to t subject of Menageries. We give a sketch of a scene Hamburg, Germany. A celebrated lion-tamer is sup-intending the unloading of a cargo of wild animals ju-arrived from Africa. They do not like the cold air a strange landmarks of the North, and all of their mov-ments are made under protest.

LIFE IN RUSSIA.

LIFE IN KUSSIA.

There is a charm and simplicity connected with the life of every noble family, be its members rich or poor, that poets and painters like to dwell on. We give an illustration of a Georgian family in Russia. The younger members of the house are dancing in the centre of the room while the daughter is seen at one side. The parents look on approvingly, no doubt thinking of the days when they used to dance and dream of a happy future

WASHERWOMEN'S MARKET, PARIS.

Washerwomen's Market, Paris.

From seven to nine o'clock every morning the scene represented in our engraving takes place in the Rue aux Ours, Paris, which is, by the way, one of the oldest streets that city can boast. During these hours the Rue aux Ours has, from time immemorial, presented an animated picture to the looker-on. It is then invaded by a mixed crowd, composed chiefly of women, in which all ages, sizes, shapes and costumes are contrasted. All the women are daily washers, and have come in search of work. They wait in the Rue aux Ours until they are hired by some laundryman or paterfamilias who wants them. The advantages and convenience of such a system in this country are obvious.

THE CALEDONIAN BALL IN LONDON.

Formerly this annual ball was held in Hanover Square but the last reception was given in Wi St. James The attendance was large, and toilets attracted considerable attention. Rooms, St. James midnight, supper was served, followed by toasts and re-sponses. The President presided in the large hall, and the Vice-President and the Honorary Secretary in the two other halls. More than four hundred persons were present.

It is proposed at Pittsburgh to bring iron ore from Chattanooga, in order to keep down the price of that received from Lake Superior. It is claimed that ore can be had in Chattanooga for \$3.50 per ton, and that the freight and other charges will not

NEWS OF THE WEEK. DOMESTIC.

DOMESTIC.

ONE hundred and twenty-six young lawyers and sixtyfour young doctors were graduated at Michigan University recently. There were nine feminine medical
graduates and two legal ones... Des Moines is to have
a university, with colleges of all the arts and sciences,
law, medicine and theology, open to both feminine and
masculine students... Three thousand ladies in Rochester signed a petition for the liquor-dealers to close their
establishments... The Mayor of Mount Vernon, O.,
ordered the praying band to disperse and remove their
"sentry-box." A crowd of men interfered and adisturiance was imminent... An old farmer in Indiana tried
to make peace between two rowdies in a billiard saloon,
but was killed by one of them... Twenty sailors on the
steamer Roman at Boston were accidentally poisoned,
but all recovered... Several Pittsburgh ladies have been
sued by saloon-keepers for trespass or libel... Immigrant fares to Chicago have been reduced to \$5 each...
An important arrest of a manufacturer of burglars' tools
was made in New York... Advertisements printed in grant fares to Chicago bave been reduced to \$5 each...

An important arrest of a manufacturer of burglars' tools was made in New York....Advertisements printed in Chinese characters, such as are seen on the teachests, are beginning to appear in the California papers...The Agassiz Memorial fund has reached \$96,552...The Cincinnati Commercial says that "the Pennsylvanians want the Government to build a canal over the Alleghany Mountains, at a cost of \$20,000,000"...The alleged privateer Edgar Stevact' is still in the custody of the United States Marshal at Baltimore, being held for trial at the June term of the United States District Court, on a charge of violating the navigation laws...Texarkana, Texas, is about seventy-five days old, built in a dense forcet, seventeen and a half miles from Fulton, Ark. It has 2,000 people, 2 railroads and 40 salcons. It is called the Enchanted Village of the Lone Star State... It is about seven months since the public school teachers of New Orleans have received any pay...The dropping twenty six members by Plymouth Church is believed to be a plain and open defiance of the late lamented council...The Forty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York, was opened with a private reception on the evening of April Sth. A very general appreciation of the unusual excellence of the artistic display was expressed by the guests.

Foreign.

Commercial prospects in the Isthmus of Panama are reported very good....The Curé of Santa Cruz has been discharged from arrest in France, but banished from the country...The British expenditures to relieve the famine in India up to the end of February amounted to \$12,500,000...One hundred and twenty newspapers have been suppressed in France since MacMahon become President...A year ago a few men in Dundee, swotland, bought a box of soap and a chest of tea, and retailed it among themselves. There are now one hundred and eighty shareholders, and they have a shop of their own...The largest war-vessel in the world is approaching completion in England. The Duchess of Edinburgh will act as sponsor at the launch...A new Protestant Church was opened in Florence on New Year's Day by Father Gavazzi...A grand civil and military fet is proposed by the President of France to the people of Paris on the inauguration of the Vend me Column. A review of 80,000 men is to take place...A motion to have been made in the British House of Commons to compensate British sufferers by the depredations of the Alabama was postponed...The Archbishop of Cologne has been arrested....A dinner was given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of Sir Garnet Wolseley...Witnesses were examined in the Canadian House of Commons in regard to the conduct of Riel, of Red River notoriety...Archbishop Llorente has been ordered to repair to Havana...Several of the Havana banks refuse to receive American gold at the rate ordered by the Captain-general...A special from India says that incendiary fires were alarmingly frequent in the neighborhood of Sectamow, in the Gwalior district, Two large villages had been entirely destroyed. Large numbers of inhabitants are emigrating from Nepaul in consequence of the familian...There is a scheme for establishing a military school in Canada similar to that West Point....The Carlists report that a revolt has broken out in Bilbao, and that General Santes with a strong division upon Madrid. Over 400 men have deserted

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK is playing in Philadelphia. HERMANN, the magician, is about to visit America.

Salvini will appear in New York about the last of April.

FECHTER opened the Park Theatre, in New York, on the

Miss Carlotta Leclercq is to act at Wallack's Thea-tre this Summer.

Bouckault's "Led Astray" has been performed to good houses at the Walnut in Philadelphia.

Berlin is about to follow the example of Vienna in the

Mr. Strakosch engaged Lucca for thirty-slx per-rmances, extending over a period of three months. THE more "Lohengrin" was sung in New York the larger the audience, until all the standing room we.

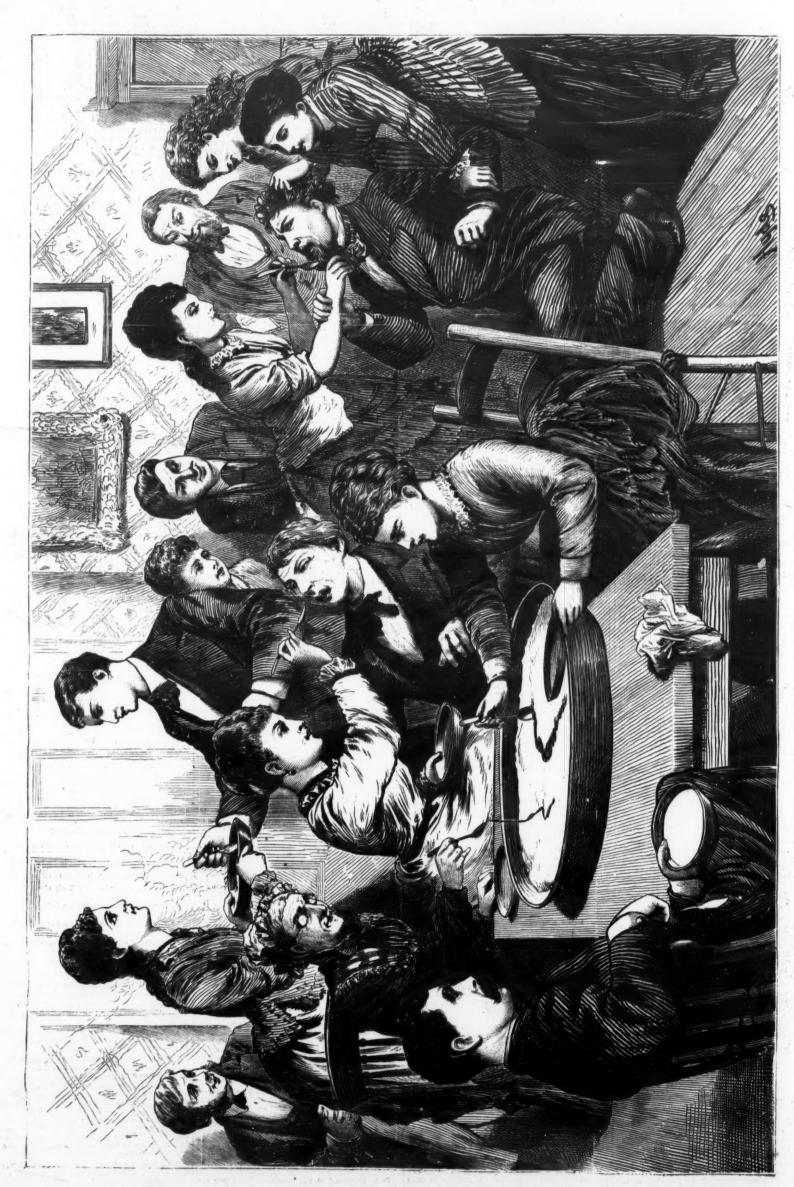
AT Mmc. Urso's grand concerts, just held in Boston, Gilmore and his New York band performed, and Adelaide Phillips sang.

THE wonderful phenomenal opera-singer, Di Murska, is singing at the Academy of Music in New York, under Maretzek's management.

AT McVickar's Theatre, Chicago, the opera "Mass. cello" is being presented nightly by the Liederkran Society, with a chorus of seventy and an orchestra of

Miss Lotta continues her engagement at Booth's, Theatre—which term will end on April 18th—and may there be seen in the play called "Zip; or, Point Lynde Light," by Mr. F. Marsden. Miss Adelaide Neilson will appear on the 20th.

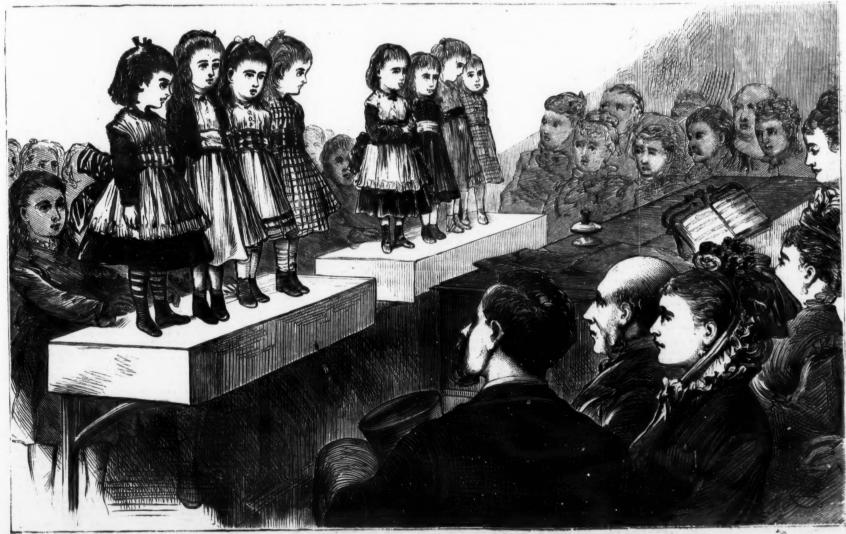
THE purposed withdrawal of "Paris by Night" at the Colosseum is deferred, and that fine spectacle will be exhibited for some time lobger. The announcement of its last nights has aroused a sudden and general desire to see it, and Prof. Tobin retains it on view in compliance with many requests. In the miscellaneous entertainments an entire change will be made. A matime or or children is to be given at 10 o'clock a.m.



A "MAPLE SUGAR PARTY" IN VERMONT-SCENE IN A PARMHOUSE. Servched by Joseph Begerer. See Page 107



BOSTON, MASS.—THE WINTHROP STREET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—THE DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 107.;



NEW YORK CITY-VOCAL EXERCISES AT THE PIVE POINTS MISSION SCHOOL,—"THE BASY CLASS."—SEE PAGE 107.

BESSIE'S QUESTION.

CHARLES GORDON.

A H, my brown-eyed Bess, with your nutbrown hair;
So you sometimes wonder if you shall bear,
Out of this life so free and fair,
Some of the glories of earth and air,
(Some of the splendors of sea and shore,
A part of your soul for the evermore);
And you ask, my Bess, with your wistful oyes,
If out of your heart, once seen, there dies,
The sun filled rapture of evening skies;

If you are purer because of the flight
Of snow-flakes into the silent night;
Or, if you are better because you have known
How the soft green mosses enfold the stone,
Or stronger because of the wild, low cry
Of the north wind under the midnight sky,
Or more patient because of the silver feet
Of the rain that falls in the dusty street;

Do you wonder if vainly, the love that lies Do you wonder if vainly, the love that lies Beyond the gates of the purple skies, Into the heart of the Winter snows, Draped this day like a royal rose? Oh, poet soul! In the sweet to come Will the voices you loved on earth be dumb? Will the golden gloom of the moonlit sea Have no deeper meaning for you and me?

The gleam in the blue of the morning star, The song of the suif on the harbor bar, The flash of a sail on a sunny sea, Or the face of a flower that has rocked a bee-Are these forgotten and leave no mark?
Do they drift for ever into the dark,
And leave no trace on your longing soul,
Where the waves of death shall above you roll?

Oh, dreamful heart! When you meet the night You shall bear some part of the radiant light That has flooded this day and made it bright. And when you shall stand on the hills untrod, Afar in the morning land of God, You shall know that the brightness and visions sweet Are these dreams and thoughts that have seemed so

fleet, Only less tear-dimmed and more complete; For love will live though the day has fied, Like a sweet white rose in a hand that's dead!

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

By THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUNG Owen of Pentmawr rode over to Caer-

Young Owen of Pentmawr rode over to Caergwyn.

"I am beating up recruits," said he. "My mother gives a ball to celebrate my sister's coming-out. Sir Owen does not visit, we know, but I have brought a couple of cards, if you and your brother care for that sort of thing."

David shrugged his shoulders; dancing was not in his line, and a ballroom was a region of experience absolutely unknown to him. Moreover, he had his own reasons for not particularly affecting young Owen's society.

But Vyvyan had added all the polite arts to his other Oxford accomplishments, and he had learnt, besides, to regret his family isolation, and so was resolved on cultivating more friendly and intimate relations with the few neighbors within reach of Caergwyn.

Caergwyn.

"I shall be pleased to come," said he, simply.

"And you?" asked young Owen, turning to David.

"In this scattered population every head counts, you know. And young men are especially scarce, although we have got the headquarters of the —th regiment at Pembroke."

"I don't dance," said David. "I am of no use to you."

"I don't dance," said David. "I am of no use to you."

"Yes, you are; everything helps to make a show," flatteringly observed Owen. "You can hand the old ladies down-stairs, you know, and do duty as 'supernumerary.'"

This complimentary programme did not present itself as a sufficiently powerful inducement to David, but at that moment—they were standing at the entrance-porch, Owen having declined to dismount—his quick eyes perceived Mrs. Owen's carriage turning out of the by-road which led to Little Caergwyn.

wyn.

"My mother has driven over to-day to make the acquaintance of your fair neighbors," remarked Mr. Owen, almost as if he had followed the direction of David's glance. "Awfully pretty, Miss D'Este! I can't think why we haven't found her out before."

David's glance. "Awfully pretty, Miss D'Este! I can't think why we haven't found her out before." David's eyes grew gloomy as he turned away, and Vyvyan made no reply. The motherless and sisterless young men had an exalted reverence for the sex, of which Lilias was to them the representative, and Owen's flippant assumption jarred upon each.

"Well, we shall expect you both on the twenty-first," cried the heir of Pentmawr, gathering up his reins; and David forced himself to nod a curt acquiescence, his views on the subject having suddenly undergone a change.

"What a boor that young Caergwyn is still!" remarked Owen, as he rode up to the door of his mother's carriage. "The other has smartened up wonderfully at college, and is a very presentable fellow. They will both do themselves the pleasure, etc. Well, have you secured the new beauty?"

"Hardly," replied Mrs. Owen, coldly—she was the mother of a grown-up daughter. "I could not make my first visit with an invitation in my hand."

"Couldn't you? I am not up to ladies' etiquette. But you saw her?"

"I saw them both—Mrs. and Miss D'Fste."

"The prettiest girl in the neighborhood!" remarked her san, with emphasis.

"I saw them both—Mrs. and Miss D'rste."
The prettiest girl in the neighborhood!" remarked her son, with emphasis.
"I did not see anything remarkable," replied the lady, icily. "In fact, after all your rhapsodies, I was quite disappointed. Miss D'Este has a good was quite disappointed. Miss D'Este has a good complexion, certainly, but her chin is too long, and her figure is too thin "--she glanced complacently at the robust proportions of her daughter nestling on the opposite seat.

"Mamma, I think she is lovely!" warmly exclaimed the more generous Clara. "And so graceful and so nice, too! I hope she will come to our ball. I'm sure she will be the belle of the room."

"Bravo, Clara!" applauded her brother. "You're a brick—you are!"

Mrs. Owen, leaning back on her cushions, debated seriously in her own mind whether or not it would be possible to intermit the invitation to the new-comers at Little Caergwyn. She had no mind to have all the homage of the evening—which she had fondly anticipated for the young debutante—diverted into this foreign channel. And Miss D'Este would have such an advantage over her Clara—she who had gone through a London season, as Mrs. Owen incorrectly concluded, and who was well up

in all the grammar of fascination—witness the rapid conquest of her Harry, Mrs. Owen recklessly deduced. Clara, with her country breeding and her guileless, joyous character, would have but a poor chance against this skilled London firt.

Mrs. Owen would have "given the world" if she had not called until after the ball—if she only dared now to leave the Little Caergwyn ladies out of the great gathering on the twenty-first; but she did not dare. Her son and her daughter were both in league against her; there was no hope of being able to plead that she had forgotten or mislaid the invitation; she would not be allowed to forget or to mislay; and Mrs. Owen groaned over the conclusion, and over the comely Clara, innocently unconscious of her coming eclipse.

Mrs. D'Este hesitated over Mrs. Owen's invita-

Mrs. D'Este hesitated over Mrs. Owen's invitation when it came.

"It seems ungracious to refuse the first attention which has been offered us," said she, "and unneighborly to refuse to join on such an occasion; but it is hardly keeping to the strict letter of the compact," she added, significantly.

"You know best, mamma," Lilias answered, meekly; but her mother saw that the meekness was unnatural, and covered a little girlish disappointment at the missing pleasure, which had become so rare now, of a good dance.

"You will go—surely you will go?" cried David, in dismay. "Vyvyan and I are pledged—I thought you were so certain to accept; and my father has ordered the barouche to be got out. He hoped you would allow us to escort you, and wished to save you the trouble of sending so far as Pembroke for post-horses."

would allow us to escort you, and wished to save you the trouble of sending so far as Pembroke for post-horses."

"Sir Owen is very kind, but——"began Mrs. D'Este; and then she caught a longing look from Lilias, and yielded. "After all," she thought, "this may be safer than some things. There is more danger. I am beginning to think, in too little outside intercourse than in too much. It will not be so pleasant to extend our circle, but it may be wise."

What did she mean? That she and Lilias had long since cleared up their doubtful judgment of Vyvyan, and admitted him to an intimacy as great as David's, to David's own supreme content; that Vyvyan, his heart burning with high resolve, his soul penetrated with noble enthusiasm, found, all unexpectedly, at Little Caergwyn, the sympathy which drew forth the shy secrets of his soul, and cheered him on to the brave crusade he had sworn to undertake. For Lilias was a crusader, too; her life was not all given up to girlish dalliance and enjoyment—she had an inner life of thought and culture, which opened like a rare flower at the touch of Vyvyan's enthusiasm, which sprang to arms at his trumpet-call.

Vyvyan had gone straight from the pure atmosphere of his country home into the knowledge of the corruptions, the falsehoods, the injustices of the world, the blots that mar the great creation, the greatness of which he realized at the same time. He had set his nature, with all the force of the recoil which this knowledge caused, against these evils, doing what many another pure and ardent spirit has done before him, standing fearlessly up in his single strength against the hosts of the enemy. Already, too, he had learned to keep his own council against the half-scorrful pity of the multitude, who shrugged their shoulders at his "Quixotism," and advised him, lightly, to "let the world go its own way, and save his own pains," even whilst they were half envious of his pure-heatted entususm.

It was like a strengthening draught of some recious cordial when a flash of kindred t

It was like a strengthening draught of some precious cordial when a flash of kindred thought opened the way and he found in Lilias a faith which, if possible, over-soared his own, and an eager enthusiasm which urged his own forward to action. It was easy, then, to pour out to her all his cherished dreams, his hitherto unworded aspirations—to map out before her the reforms which seemed so easy and so direct on his self-drawn chart; it was sweet—he hardly knew how sweet—to be strengthened and encouraged by her ardent interest and sympathy.

to be strengthened and encouraged by her ardent interest and sympathy.

She, on her side, was, in her eagerness, for buckling on his armor and sending him forth at once to the fight—not as her knight—her flight never touched earth—but as the irresistible champion of right and truth. Surely it needed but a touch of that puissant lance to overthrow the grim giants of oppression and wrong! Surely the bulwarks of falsehood would be uprooted by the mighty voice of truth, even as the walls of Jericho fell prone before the trumpet-blast of Joshua!

To these young enthusiasts there was no such thing as failure or, defeat; before the overwhelming force of right mountains were mole-hills and broad-reaching rivers but babbling brooks. Mrs. D'Este smiled a little to herself as scraps of their fervent talk floated towards her, and then sighed to think that such faith and such devotion should ever grow world-weary or ashamed.

think that such faith and such devotion should ever grow world-weary or ashamed.

David, a nearer listener, thrilled with a keener admiration of his brother and a deeper appreciation of Lilias, and enlisted himself as a far-off follower in the same glorious ranks.

So the days went by. Doctor Milsom, meeting Vyvyan on the well-worn path between the two houses, stopped to reiterate his old warning.

"Ah, so glad to see you still here! I am on my way to your father. He was not in church yesterday; is anything more than usual the matter?"

"No," answered Vyvyan, with a little start of remembrance and self-reproach—"only a little cold. My father is more sensitive to the cold than he used to be; the wind was keen yesterday, so he did not venture out."

"And you are not leaving until the end of vacation? I think you are wise," said the doctor, gravely.

tion? I think you are wise, said the doctor, gravely.

"Yes, I have thrown over the reading-party," returned Vyvyan. "It will put my degree it months behind, but I feel that the present arrangement is the best. And, besides," he added, unconsciously touching the pocket in which lay the essay he was taking to the Dower House for the seal of Lilias s approval—"besides, it is not all lost time."

time."

"No, no; you can work here almost as well as there," replied the innocent doctor; "and, if you come to any hitch, you know I am at your service."

"Thanks," answered the young man; and, as he went on his way, he wondered, with the restless energy of youth, how such men as Doctor Milsom and his father—good men and true, as he cordially recognized—could have borne to turn their backs upon the great work and struggle of life, and to sit down in the inaction of learned ease, whilst the great cry was going up for laborers in the world's harvest.

MRS. D'ESTE, according to Sir Owen the privi-leges of an invalid, and putting aside etiquette and cold formality, went to dine at the Gray House, and brought Lilias with her. Mrs. Phillips had her way this time, and the great drawing-room received the guests in all uncovered splendor of amber satin and gold. And, whilst the two elders sipped their

coffee after dinner and spoke gravely together, the younger people wandered away, Lilias being led from one point of interest to another in the old

from one point of interest to another in the old mansion.

"This is where Sir Evan Caergwyn held the gate of the castle—it was a castle fhen," said David—" against five hundred invaders, and he with only a handful of men at his back. He stood on the spot, mortally wounded, but facing the enemy, until the last foe had fied before the terrible fury of his arm. He died almost before the terrible fury of his arm. He died almost before the tramp of the last retreating foot had ceased to sound upon the drawbridge, but the castle was saved."

"And, strange to say," laughed Vyvyan, "the likeness of that grim warrior is, in reality, the portrait of David. It hangs upon the staircase. We used to call it 'David' when we were boys."

Lilias asked to see the picture of the hero-knight, and she smiled over the golden locks and fair boy-ish countenance which were David's inheritance. And then the crossed the corridor and stood still

ish countenance which were David's inheritance. And then she crossed the corridor and stood still before another picture—a group of three persons. The centre figure was that of a lady, young and very beautiful, with her rich auburn hair drawn back over a high cushion above her snow-white forehead, and islling in thick ringlets on her fair shoulders. In her pathetic gray eyes, and in her slightly compressed and sensitive mouth, there was the foreshadowing of a story, which Lilias, ever fanciful and imaginative, was guessing out in her own mind when Vyvyan spoke.

"Do you like that picture?" said he, softly.
"Oh, yes, it is lovely! Tell me about it. Who is the lady?"

the lady?"

"That is Lady Annabel Caergwyn, the ancestress with whom began the 'curse,'" explained Vyvyan, dropping his voice instinctively, as all were wont to do who spoke of that family shadow. "The gentleman on her right, who is offering her a flower, is her husband, Sir Vyvyan; the other, standing a step behind, is his brother John. He went abroad and died there, it is supposed—old Morgan will tell you he disappeared; anyway, when Sir Vyvyan died without an heir, John could not be found, and the estate passed to a distant cousin. When we were young, David and I, we were very fond of that picture; indeed, I think I am so still. We fancied there was a likeness to each of us. You see, that was the way we personified and made playmates as it were of our pictures; we liked to think that when we were grown up we should look like this pair of brothers."

"Laced cravats, powdered wigs, and all!" laughed Lilias, as she looked from the two pictured Caergwyn faces, in which the two separate types of Caergwyn physiognomy were well represented, to the living representatives of the same types before her. "I believe it only needs the cravats and the wigs to make the resemblance perfect," she added.

"There is a certain analogy in the circumstances, That is Lady Annabel Caergwyn, the ancestress

of Caergwyn physiognomy were well represented, to the living representatives of the same types before her. "I believe it only needs the cravats and the wigs to make the resemblance perfect," she added.

"There is a certain analogy in the circumstances, too," Vyvyan went on, "which perhaps helped us to identify ourselves with these brothers. They were brought up together here at Caergwyn, as we have been, and there was no common bond of brotherly affection between them. Old Morgan used to tell us their story, with some addition of the marvelous and superstitious, as became old Morgan; but I found a full account amongst some old manuscripts in the muniment-room, when I was rummaging there last year. I found Lady Annabel's diary. In it old Morgan's fascincting element is lost, it is true, but a new and pathetic interest is gained in its place."

"Tell me the story," cried Lilias, seating herself on the broad polished step of the staircase.

The two young men dropped down to a lower step, and Vyvan began the history.

"Lady Annabel was an orphan relative, a distant one, of Lady Caergwyn's," said he, "and she was brought up at Caergwyn with the two brothers. Very sweet and gentle she must have been, from her own record of her thoughts and feelings—very-lovely we can see she was from her portrait. Lady Caergwyn destined her for her elder son Vyvyan, and the plan turned out better than such family arrangements generally do."

There was a little scarcely perceptible flutter on the step above, and, but that Vyvyan's eyes were fixed on the picture above his head, he would have seen that Lilias's complexion had taken an added shade of pink.

"Sir Vyvyan and Lady Annabel loved each other." Vyvyan went on, "and when the time came they were more than willing to seal the compact which their elders had anade for them. But there was another who loved Lady Annabel tow, unsuspected by any, least of all by Sir Vyvyan; as she confesses to her diary alone, his passion was too much for his loyalty and his brotherly love, and he poure

"Poor thing," sighed Lilias, rising to her feet, with a long gaze at the beautiful face of Lady Annabe!—" and she looks so sweetly and solemnly

with a long gaze at the beautiful field of Lang Annabel..." and she looks so sweetly and solemnly happy."

"Vyvyan 'talks like a book,'" said David, rising, too, and trying to shake off the touch of sadness which his brother's story had produced. "Vyvyan, old fellow, you are a better story-teller than Morgan himself." And he thought fondly at the same time what a wonderful fellow Vyvyan was—how he could do everything well, and how infinitely superior he was to every other. "If the other Vyvyan was like ours, no wonder Lady Annabel loved him best," concluded David.

Lut it discomfited this comparison a little that in the picture it was John who was like Vyvyan who was of the fair, frank type, which David himself had inherited from him and from the bloodstained hero, Sir Evan.

The three young people wandered silently back through the long corridors, where the gloom of the evening shadows had already gathered. As they joined their elders Mrs. D'Este looked up in a little

wonder at the trio's stilled, grave aspect. Presently Lilias sat down to the long-silent piano, and played, sottly, the notes of an old English ballad, the words of which her sweet voice thrilled plaintively through the twilight. The song was the last farewell of a lady who died to break the spell which had been thrown over her knight and held him in slothlui idleness, whilst his good sword rusted in its sheath and his fair name was threatened with dishonor.

There was silence in the room long after the last wailing notes had died away; and then David started up to ring for lights, and everybody suddenly discovered that they were in the dark, and experienced the usual simultaneous desire to walk about and risk collisions.

As mother and daughter drove home a little later, Lilias wondered to herself how it was that all the associations of the Gray House had a tendency to drift into pathos. Vyvyan had put into her hand the manuscript dinry of Lady Annabel; and Lilias and her mother read it together, and the former drew a sketch of the sweet young face and shadowed eyes, and kept it between the leaves of her Tennyson. The story had taken deep hold of her imagination and her sympathy—both quickly and easily roused.

"It is a family with a pathetic history in almost

roused.

"It is a family with a pathetic history in almost every generation," said Mrs. D'Este. "Sir Owen was telling me some of the old *to* es as we sat together this evening. His own he does not allide to; but it seems to me, looking at his sonstive, refined face, and the shadow of a lifelong griet upon him, that that story is one of the saddest of them all. One wonders," she resumed, presently, "what the future may have in store for the race—what will be the fate and history of these young men, both, in a different way, so full of interest."

"It will be for them to redeem the adverse for-

men, both, in a different way, so full of interest."

"It will be for them to redeem the adverse fortunes of the family," declared Lilias, prophetically

"to inaugurate a new era. Vyvyan's will be a
noble career, nobler than that of any warrior-hero
of his race, for he will be fighting a higher battle
for a more exalted end. You and I, mamma, will
look on and see, and be proud of our hero. I know
what will be Vyvyan's destiny," concluded she, with
kindling eyes and glowing cheeks.

"And David, O most wise prophetess?" inquired
her mother, smiling.

"David? Oh, dear old David, with his bright,
happy temperament and his simple goodness—can

"David? On, dear one David, with me origin, happy temperament and his simple goodness—can you believe, mamma, that he will have any but a happy lot? He will smooth the world's path with love—love which he gives and inspires—and gild it by the sunshine of his joyous nature. I am not alraid for David."

"And vet." said Mrs. D'Este. gravely, "I have

by the sunshine of his joyous nature. I am not afraid for David."

"And yet," said Mrs. D'Este, gravely, "I have known such temperaments as his given apparently expressly to breast storms of trial and sorrow which less buoyant natures would have sunk under."

"But David is to have no storms, mamma," opposed Lilias, with playful insistence. "There is no gloom whatever on the picture before me—and have undertaken to read the horoscope, you know. All the clouds have dispersed, and the sun of a bright future shines over the Gray House. Please to believe me! To Vyvyan will be all the greatness, and to David all—no, not quite all," she corrected hastily, "but a large share, of the happiness. I could not bear David to be unhappy—dear old David!" And she stopped to sketch a little picture, which Mrs. D'Este afterwards found and put away, of Vyvyan on a pinnacle of glory, with slaughtered foes at his feet, and David in the flowery valley below, smiling amidst roses and sunshine.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. OWEN'S coming ball was making a great stir of excitement in the neighborhood, and an unprecedented stir at Caergwyn, where the old yellow-bodied barouche was got out, and, was being relined and repainted, the whole household hailing the event as the inauguration of a new era. At Little Caergwyn, too, the young philosophers suspended their graver studies whilst they gave themselves up to the natural anticipations due to their youth and bright spirits. Mrs. D'Este's drawing-room was turned into a-dancing academy, where Lilias undertook, amidst much gay laughter and jest, to supply the deficiency in David's polite education, and it him to fill a more agreeable if not a more useful place at the approaching festivity than young Owen had carelessly assigned him.

David, however, proved but an unsatisfactory pupil, and the great day came and found him far from perfect in the coveted accomplishment, but very far advanced, poor fellow, in another and a more dangerous lesson learned from the same fair mistress. And, when that mistress burst upon him in a new enchantment of shimmering white silk and soft tulle, the poor lad surrendered himself without reserve, a slave to the beautiful vision.

The evening for him at least was a failure, as he wandered disconsolately through the lighted rooms, sick with jealousy of the fortunate young men who could hold Lilias's hand and whisper pretty nothings to her, and abusing himself roundly for the awkward stupicity which shut him out from the privileges so easily claimed by others.

It was all intolerably tiresome, and the long delicious drive home, with Lilias sitting opposite to him, was still so far of! He had taken Lady Durnford alives proved the had won him favor from the indulgent dowagers—and still the terrible evening would not end, and half-a-score of other ladies—"wallfowers" like himself, down-stairs for coffee and ices and supper—he had performed this duty with a shy grace which had won him favor from the indulgent dowagers—and still the terrible evening would not e

wassals of her own.

"Mrs. D'Este is a widow," replied Miss Griffiths;

"she has taken Little Caergwyn—as long ago as
last Summer; but you have been abroad for so lo: g
that you have not heard of it, I suppose,"

"D'Este? D'Este?" repeated Lady Durnford,
reflectively.

"They—must-be of Lord Lyston's

"Probably; I know they are well connected, and

"Probably; I know they are well connected, and Mrs. D'Este is a distinguished-looking woman. She is here to-night, but I do not see her at this moment."

"Yes, she must be of the Lynton family," said Lady Durnford, decidedly—"a a young branch poor, no doubt. Little Cacrgwyn is a small place. I shall certamly call on them. I wonder what brought them into this neighborhood, so far from their own connections?"

"Can't say," answered Miss Griffiths; "but"—maliciously—"it is not difficult to guess at the inducement to stay."

"Can't say," answered Miss Griffiths; "but"—maliciously—"it is not difficult to guess at the inducement to stay."

"Indeed! What?"

Miss Griffiths indicated Vyvyan and Lilias, who were at that moment dancing together at the opposite side of the room.

"Sir Owen is breaking up, they say, and the Caergwyn heir is not such a bad speculation," she went on; "Little Caergwyn too is admirably situated for the campaign."

"Sir Owen breaking up! Then that is what has brought the young man home from Oxford before

brought the young man home from Oxford before his time," remarked Lady Durnford, putting up her glass. "He is a good-looking, gentlemanly fellow —I always liked those lads, and I knew their poor —I always liked those lads, and I knew their poor mother, a sweet young creature she was—and the girl is very pretty, and of a good family—altogether a most desirable match, I am sure. The mother may congratulate herself; and, as for Sir Owen, in the retired life he leads, he must be glad to have such a daughter-in-law brought to his door, as it ware.

Miss Griffiths, however, was not disposed to take so pleasant a view of the matter as Lady Durnford.

"There can be no doubt of Mr. Caergwyn's sentiments and intentions." said she: "it is only necessary to see him with Miss D'Este to understand them. Still it is to be hoped that the young lady herself will not put any obstacles in the way of the happy consummation your ladyship is anticipating."

"Is that likely?" asked Lady Durnford, with some concern.

From what Mrs. Owen hinted to me, I should

"From what Mrs. Owen hinted to me, I should think it was," answered the spinster. "Either Miss D'Este is the sort of young lady who likes two strings to her bow, or Harry Owen is mistaken in fancying that she has given him encouragement." "Oh," exclaimed Lady Durnford, "my friend Harry must not come in to spoil such a nice arrangement, and disappoint poor Sir Owen, too! There is that charming little Gwen Willyams, her father's heiress; and the estates join. I always meant Harry to look that way. I shall talk to him. Gwen is a treasure, and she is a great pet of mine."

Lady Durnford was an amiable autocrat; things generally arranged themselves after her programme, she found, and she made these momentous arrangements in the easiest possible way, and with the greatest confidence in her own power to bring them about.

"Good-evening, Lady Durnford," spoke a plea-

about.

"Good-evening, Lady Durnford," spoke a pleasant voice—the Vicar's—at her elbow; "good-evening, Miss Griffiths. What are you two ladies doing now? Criticising the ladies' dresses, or what?"

wha??'

"Not at all, Mr. Hallam," said Lady Durnford;
"we are much better employed—making matches."

"Dangerous amusement!" returned Mr. Hallam,
shaking his head. "They may blow up like other
fireworks, you know, and somebody may burn their
fingers. Dangerous, dangerous!"

"But so fascinating," laughed Lady Durnford,
"and to me, who have no daughters, perfectly
irresistible, I can assure you."

David had long ceased to follow the conversation: he was leaning from the opened window,

David had long ceased to follow the conversation; he was leaning from the opened window, faint, dizzy, overpowered, strong young fellow as he was, by that one terrible, startling idea—Vyvyan and Lilias! If the earth had suddenly opened at his feet and swallowed him up, he could not have been more completely shaken. Vyvyan! It was true; a swift arrow of dire conviction shot straight home to his heart with Miss Griffiths's words—a sick certainty paralyzed all hope on the instant.

How could it be otherwise than true? Why had he not seen and guessed it long ago? Poor lad, in his great humility, his loyal devotion, he was inclined to blame himself as for a great wrong done to Vyvyan and to her. His very simplicity and inexperience made the blow the deeper and unresistingly, so unconsciously, in fact, to the charm which had proved so cruelly fatal. He staggered up at last, after, as it seemed to him, a vast interval of suffering, and stood with his white face looking out of the green bower, which would ever after be associated in his mind with the agony of that revelation—the thought had come to him that they would miss him, that they might guess. How should they, indeed? But his own consciousness made the knowledge seem so easy a step for others. And that knowledge must never come to mar Vyvyan's happy fortune!

He raised humself up at this: henceforth the care and dute of his lite forced it will never the search dute of his lite forced it was true to the content of the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the content of the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite forced it was true to the care and dute of his lite of the liter to the care and dute of his liter.

Vyvyan's happy fortune!
He raised hunself up at this: henceforth the care
and duty of his life forced itself upon his misery.
Lady Durnford and Miss Griffiths had moved away and duty of his life forced itself upon his misery. Lady Durnford and Miss Griffiths had moved away now; and the floor was filled by the gay crowd of dancers, promenading after the last dance. Vyvyan and Lilias passed close to him, passed without seeing him. Vyvyan's eyes were bent upon her, and hers were dropped, as much because of the fervent gaze with which he thanked her as because of the earnest, low-spoken words, overheard by David, "for the encouragement of her help and sympathy in the great cause they both had at heart."

"They have been very precious to me; I cannot find words to tell you how precious," said Vyvyan; and David heard, saw, and understood.

"How ill that young fellow looks!" remarked sweet Gwen Willyams, as she passed presently on Harry Owen's arm.

"Which?" asked Owen. "Oh, that!" looking back over his shoulder. "The boy is not used to

Harry Owen's arm.
"Which?" asked Owen. "Oh, that?" looking back over his shoulder. "The boy is not used to late hours; he should have been in bed and asleep long ago." And then he laughed derisvieyl, and kind little Gwen chid him gently for his unkind scorp.

scorn.
There was a tacit antagonism between David and Harry Owen, born from that first meeting with Lilias, when she had declined the latter's escort; and Owen was not the man to let his antagonism sleep. David heard, but never heeded—he who has received a dagger-wound is past a pin-prick.

"Mr. David Caergwyn," said Lady Durnford, coming back by and by to her place, "I want to make the acquaintance of your new tenant at Little Caergwyn—Mrs. D'Este, is it not? Take me to her, if you please, and introduce me."

you please, and introduce me."
David obeyed as in a dream; and Mrs. D'Este, looking up at his pale countenance and stilled mien, quietly made room for him on one side of her, whilst she talked to the great lady on the other.
"And now, tell me, what is it?" said she, turning to him, when, Lady Durnford's long inauguration of acquaintance over, her carriage had been announced, and she had departed.
But that half-hour of rest had given David time to gather up his forces, and he was dimly conscious of

as Lilias came back to her in Harry Owen's charge "If you will find your brother, and call the carriage David, I think we will prepare for our long drive

home."
Young Owen protested against this "cruel desertion," and the round-faced Clara hurried up, rosy and panting, to remonstrate. "They meant to keep it up very late, and an hour more would make no difference—the moon was well up," etc.
But Mrs. D'Este, with smiling decision, carried away her party, and the evening, so fateful for one of them, was over.

(To be continued.)

A SUGAR PARTY IN VERMONT.

A SUGAR PARTY IN VERMONT.

THE famous sugar season in Vermont begins in the last of March, and usually it continues about four weeks. The farmers take turns in inviting their neighbors to a "sugaring-off," and, unmindful of the Governor's proclamation, these jolly festivals are often held on Fast Day, when the most interesting and fascinating of the population gather around the boiling sweetness and make merry while the hours slip away. It is estimated that the sugar-making season of New England does more to encourage marriage than almost any other industrial phenomenon in nature. We give a sketch of one of those parties.

CALISTHENICS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

MISSION.

A T the annual reception of the Five Points Mission School last week, Thurlow Weed, George W. Bungay and several lady visitors occupied seats on the platform. The programme consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, exercises in scholastic studies and calisthenies. The cleanliness and good behavior of the 500 children were the subject of remark. A half-dozen of "infants," between three and five years, stood upon the desks back of the piano, and sang a song about "a little birdie in a tree—in a tree." Other pupils, each bearing a letter of the alphabet on the breast, showed their proficiency in spelling, by forming orthographical proficiency in spelling, by forming orthographical combinations, and marching to their seats as cats and dogs. Our illustration represents the infants singing the Bird-song.

DRESSMAKING IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.

GCHOOLS.

FOR several years sewing has been partially taught in the Boston grammar schools for girls, but not until recently has it been a prominent feature of any school. On the first of last October Miss Isabella Commings began giving sewing-lessons in the eighteen classes of the Winthrop School in Tremont Street. She devoted two hours a week to each class. The children bring some article from home to work on in school, such as a towel, hand-kerchief, napkin, or some simple article of apparel. kerchief, napkin, or some simple article of apparel. It was at first thought that the two hours could not be well spared from the regular studies, but the result shows that the children have their lessons better than before, and the change of occupation gives them rest. But as only their hands are employed, the teacher fills the time by reading to the children something instructive and entertaining. In the four upper classes cutting and fitting are taught. In this remarkable progress has been made. The patterns are given from blackboard designs. In this, drawing, as pursued in the Boston public schools, receives a practical application, for the pupils would be hardly able to receive their instruction in cutting were it not for their knowledge of industrial drawing. The patterns are drawn from dictation and geometrical drawing. A number of the girls in the upper classes have already become accomplished cutters and fitters, and are of much assistance in teaching the others. One of the misses, a bright and modest-appearing young girl, wore a dress which she had cut and made herself in the school, the first instance of the kind. The dress fitted perfectly, and gave evidence of neat and careful work. She was an object of much attention from visitors present. Mr. Swan, the master, expects to have all the girls of his upper classes wearing dresses of their own making. We give an illustration of the school in session. kerchief, napkin, or some simple article of apparel It was at first thought that the two hours could no

ICEBERGS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

ICEBERGS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

WE have recent reports of Atlantic steamships encountering icebergs off Newfoundland earlier in the season than is usual; also in great numbers. In latit de 45° north, longitude 48° west, the Calabria encountered huge masses of ice on the 7th of March, and the Idaho became entangled among the bergs, in latitude 43°, longitude 50°, as early as the 28th of February. The supposition seems to be, in explanation of the large quantity and early appearance of the ice, that the influence of the mild weather of February extended to high latitudes, effecting the detachment of large masses of ice from Greenlandic shores. The largest of these bergs, carried right into the Gulf Stream by the great under ocear, current from the north, frequently reach as far south as 40° before they are melted. Their influence in lowering the temperature of our coast and in effecting dangerous atmospheric disturbances is very great. The terrible gale of February 27th, by which several steamships were disabled, was probably coexisted by the ture of our coast and in effecting dangerous atmospheric disturbances is very great. The terrible gale of February 27th, by which several steamships were disabled, was probably occasioned by the meeting of these ice-mountains with the warm waters and vapors of the Gulf Stream. If their precipitation continues for the season during which they float, as present appearances indicate, the predicted "early Spring" will be much retarded in its coming.

predicted "early Spring" will be much retarded in its coming.

People are sometimes incredulous in regard to the cooling and other effects attributed to these bergs from the north; but although the estimates may be too large, their effect must be great. Their size, when met in regions near their origin, is astounding. Only one-ninth of their thickness is seen above water; yet they have been observed showing 250 feet above the water surface, thus indicating a total thickness of more than 2,000 feet. Although melted to a considerable extent before they appear in the track of our transatlantic steamers, yet even there they are objects of grandeur, as well as of dread. Their melting extracts a large quantity of heat from the atmosphere around; they are the great refrigerators of our coast.

When we regard the cooling effect of these Arctic visitors, with that of the cold current which brings

a great danger in the keen but gentle eyes which would have drawn any other secret from him.

"It is nothing," he replied—"nothing but that I am tired to death of all. I am not fit for this sort of thing. I ought not to have come."

"Poor David," smiled Mrs. D'Este; "a good long gallop, or a race up Pentgyle, is much more in your way."

"Oh, a hundred times!" answered David, with a little nonchalant assumption which sat curiously upon him. "I shall not mistake my vocation another time." "We are all tired, I believe." said Mrs. D'Este, as Lilias came back to her in Harry Owen's charge. "If you will find your brother, and call the carriage, David, I think we will prepare for our long drive set of the Rocky Mountains, from the cold.

So the Spring months, so soft and genial in

is hardly habitable anywhere in America, except west of the Rocky Mountains, from the cold. So the Spring months, so soft and genial in Southern and Western Europe, those days so inspiring to the poets of the Old World, are here harsh, forbidding and unpromising, till Sol fairly conquers the icebergs and supplies a more active heat than the vapory warmth of the Gulf Stream affords.

Lieutenant Maury gives a curious estimate of the heating power of the great caldron, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, which supplies the above current. He says that it is equal to the melting of mountains of iron from the zero point, sufficient to form a volume as large as is discharged by the Mississippi River, and that this is poured out daily by that stream issuing from the Gulf! But if our climate is less favorable in some respects than that of our neighbors across the water, it has its compensating qualities. "London fogs" are rare with us, while clear, invigorating days are the rule. Our climate ripens the most essential fruits to perfection, although the semi-tropical must come from abroad. So the cold Arctic current that bathes our coast makes some of the best waters for table fish in the world.

FALL OF A MONSTER AEROLITE.

FALL OF A MONSTER AEROLITE.

THE inhabitants of the vicinity of Farmersvile, Livingston County, Mo., were startled by the appearance in the heavens in broad daylight of an immense ball of fire, or meteor, falling with inconceivable velocity to the earth. The spot of its fall was visited by the awe-struck citizens in crowds to learn more of the apparition. A man was found who had been at work in the woods close by, and who seemed almost distracted with fear, but who soon recovered himself sufficiently to tell what he knew of it. He said he was at work and heard a sound like the ficrce screaming of a huge shot from a rifled cannon, accompanied by a rushing noise, like the sweep of a tornado. Looking about in trying to discover the source of so strange a sound, a bright glare, like the flash of lightning, attracted his eye upwards, and then he beheld, apparently coming directly towards him, a mass of fire, "as big as a mountain." Before he had time to escape it, it struck the earth a quarter of a mile away, and the shock was like an earthquake. The party approached and found a glowing mass, which prevented close inspection by its radiant heat. It cooled off gradually, and now presents the usual appearance of such bodies, being a black, shining mass of meteoric iron, but its huge size is unprecedented. It is described as reaching a height of full twenty feet from the ground, and as being tweity or twenty-five feet in diameter. This seems almost incredible, but as hundreds of respectable and truthiul people have seen it, and tell the same story, the facts force themselves on our belief.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Brown-Skquard teaches that each half of the rain is a whole brain.

FOAMING BOILERS .- A few ounces of fat put into a oiler will prevent it from foaming.

A Sign of DEATH.—When the body is dead the veins swell. The interruption of the column of blood is seen by the ophthalmoscope in the action of the veins of the

A Belgian paper describes an immense petrified trunk of a conifer discovered in the province of Lineburg is perfect preservation. Its length is about 33 feet, and its diameter about 20 inches.

QUITE a sensation was produced in the last sitting of the French Academie des Sciences, by the exhibition photographs of Spitzbergen scenery, sent by Profes Nordenskield. One of these represented a meteo nearly eighteen tons in weight.

DUST.—M. G. Tissandier, the editor of La Nature, is completing a series of observations for calculating the amount of atmospheric dust falling each day. The mean found is said to be several pounds in twelve hours for a surface not larger than the Champs de Mars, rather less than half a square mile.

An artesian well for the Insane Asylum at St. Louis As a receim well for the head of the has been sunk 3,848 feet, or 3,000 feet below the level of the sea. The Desert of Sahara has seventy-five shafts of artesian wells, water being found at the depth of 200 feet. A well 1,000 feet deep costs about \$10,000 ; but their value on the Western plains will be enormous.

THIRTY-SEVEN small planets have been discovered in Thirry-seven small planets have been discovered in the years 1872 and 1873, or 18½ for each year, making 1,850 per century. From the days of Hipparchus to the present time we may reckon 2,000 years; had astronomers worked with the same zeal and success during these 2,000 years, the number of small planets known would have amounted to 37,000, only three times the would have amounted to 5,000, only three times the number given by Arago of stars up to the 7th magnitude, and a very small proportion of the stars of the 10th magnitude. Although very minute, the latter are gene-rally much brighter than small planets as seen at the time of opposition.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.-In continuation of his exquisite FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—In continuation of his exquisite researches on the phenomenon of flight (Comptes Rendus, January 12th, 1874), M. Marey has made a series of observations which prove how important a part the onward movement of a bird plays in increasing the efficiency of each wing-stroke. For supposing that in its descent the wing did not continually come in contact with a fresh volume of air, it would act at a disadvantage, because the downward impulse which, at the commencement of each stroke, it gives to the air below it, would make that air so much less efficient a resisting medium; whilst, by continually coming in contact with a fresh body of air, continually coming in contact with a fresh body of air, the wing is always acting on it to the best advantage. For this reason, when a bird commences its flight, it turns towards the wind, if possible, to make up for its lack of motion on sterting.

ack of motion on sterting.

City Sewage.—There are few questions more important in that stage of civilization to which England has arrived, when immense populations become crowded into contracted centres of industry, than that of the healthy and economic disposal of sowage. An interesting pamphlet is published by Scott's Sewage Company, giving an account of the process of Major-General H. G. D. Scott. The principle of this process seems to be the application of acid in such away as to destroy the province. plication of acid in such away as to destroy the noxic gases of sewage and to act as a preventive against sewer emanations generally. The method of operation is that of precipitating the solid matter in sewage by rapid co bination with it. The material so deposited is capa of being dried and manufactured into cement. To organic matter can be removed by berning. The pa phiet contains a quantity of evidence of the high authority in favor of the different parts of the process.

PERSONAL.

NATCHEE, the Piute chief, has inflammatory rheu-

THE Springfield Republican calls Butler "the Devilfish

THE Tichborne jury received £3,600 for their services,

PALACE-CAR PULLMAN is building a \$75,000 cottage at

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER and his friends continue demand for him a new trial.

SAMUEL BOWLES, of the Springfield Republican, though

A Новоках editor, being challenged, replied: "When want to die I can shoot myself."

MARSHAL SERRANO, President of the Spanish Republic, a to receive \$100,000 salary a year.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT will start for Paris in a short ime, and manage the Herald by cable.

THE Corporation of London are to present \$15,000 worth of plate to the Duchess of Edinburgh. GENERAL BUTLER will be fifty-six years old next No

His work is beginning to tell on him EDMONIA LEWIS, the colored sculptress, has an order or a \$1,500 soldiers' monument from Manchester, Vt.

EDWIN BOOTH says he shall not leave this country or cease playing until his creditors have been paid in

A Wisconsin paper says Sumner "was a great statesman, and if he borrowed a dollar he didn't forget to return it."

A NOVEL entitled "La Historia de un Coragen" (The Story of a Heari), from the pen of Señor Castelar, has been published at Madrid.

Sin Garner's excursion to the Gold Coast cost only \$4,000,000—half the cost of a respectable Indian skirmish in this country.

Ruskin is organizing a band of Oxford undergraduates

to work with pick and shovel in beautifying virous of Hincksey, England. THE jewels which the Duchess of Edinburgh brought

Mr. Benjamin L. Farjeon, who is called the successor f Dickens, has been engaged to write a story for Frank Belik's Illustrated Newspaper.

A French lady wrote to the Prince Imperial; "May the violets and primroses blossom on the 16th all over France, to great the birthday of our darling."

ENCOURAGED by the success of Victor Hugo's new novel, "93," Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has commenced one entitled "4-11-44." THE King of Ashantee carries umbrellas which require

the united strength of four men to open. They posed of rich damask, edged with golden fringe.

HORACE GREELEY said that Colonel James R. Young, the present Executive Clerk of the United States Senate was the best Washington correspondent he ever knew

THE chair occupied by the late Senator Sumner, in the Senate Chamber, has been assigned to Senator Ferry, of Michigan, Senator Allison taking the seat vacated by Mr.

PRESIDENT GRANT, and many distinguished persons, it is said, have invited Wendell Phillips to deliver a eulogy on the life of the late Senator Sumner in Washington, at an early date.

"THE MILL WHERL," a recently published novel, by Miss Helen Dickens, a daughter of the late Charles Dickens, is pronounced by English critics as far from be-ing an ordinary book.

YAW BUSUMMURUTINGES and Kueka Busumummar wira are two gentlemen connected with the household King Koffee of Ashantee. They are his amanuen and write all his letters for him. MR. GALTON says that the statistics show that the

mind of woman is opposed to science, and that her com-manding influence in society is the means of discouraging young men from devoting themselves to it. SUNSET Cox attributes his failure to his lack of size He says that if he had Fernando Wood's legs under his own head, with Swan's digestive apparatus, the Presi-dency would have been to him a manifest destiny.

Mr. P. B. S. PINCHBACK, who arrived in New Orleans the other night, complacently informed a reporter of the New Orleans Times that he should remain in the city only until recalled to Washington to take the Senatorial

JOURGUENEFF, the Russian novelist, has JOURGUENEFF, the Russian novelist, has blue eyes, the eyelids hanging far over them, gray hair, brushed up in front like Andrew Jackson's, a broad, massive forehead, and a disposition so indolent that often he can hardly overcome it enough to write a line for weeks. Sometimes he is idle for months.

MR. JOHN LEMOINNE has an article in the Débats on the burning of Coomassie. "Don't let the English imagine," he says, "that we intend to treat them as barbarians. We also have our faults to confess. We stifled the Arabs in their grottoes; the English tied the Indians to the cannon's mouth; but we are both at the head of Christianits." head of Christianity."

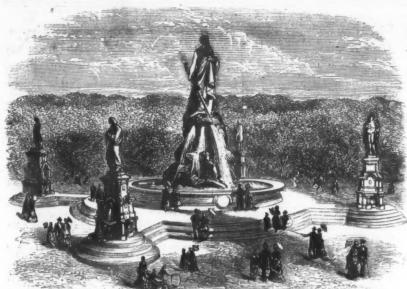
head of Christianity."

Mr. David Dudley Field, who loft this city last August on a tour around the world, is now in Australia, on a visit to his daughter, who is the wife of Governor Mugrave of South Australia. It shows the vast extension of submarine cables that it was telegraphed here last week that he had just sailed from Adelaide for Molbourne. He has already visited India and Ceylon, and expects on his return to visit China and Japan, coming back by San Francisco, reaching home next Summer. back by San Francisco, reaching home next Sum

In July, 1807, Lord Stratford (who at Constantinople defeated Nicholas and brought on the Crimean war,) was appointed, when nineteen years of age, précis-writer to Mr. Canning; in October of the same year he accompanied Mr. Merry, as secretary, to his special mission to Copenhagen. He went in the same capacity with Mr. Adair to the Dardanelles in June, 1808, and in April, 1809, was prapinted Secretary of Employers of Constantin inted Secretary of I 1809, was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constanti-nople. On the recall of Mr. Adair, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary there in July, 1810. Forty years before that, Hugh Elliot was charpé d'affaires at two and twenty, and British Minister at the Court of the Great Frederick when he was twenty-six.

Great Froderick when he was twenty-six.

Thirty years ago S. B. Chittenden, the Broadway merchant, kept a retail drygoods store in New Haven. One day he became angry with Mr. Henry H.——, President of the New Haven County Bank, one of the best banks in the State, and he advertised thus: "New Haven bank-bills taken at par for drygoods by S. B. Chittenden." This scared the country people. They thought something was wrong with the bank, and they flocked to S. B. C. to get rid of their bills. As often as S. B. C. took a bill of that bank he sent it in and demanded specie. He bothered them in this way until at length the bank folks. counted a large quantity of small silver pieces into a bag and set it on the counter, and when a bill came in from S. B. C. the bearer would have to count the change out for himself. This worried S. B. C. out, and he stopped his little game.



PROPOSED FATHER MATHEW MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA. SKETCHED BY W. P. SNYDER.

THE PROPOSED FATHER MATHEW MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

AST September, Dr Michael O'Hara suggested that a Catholic Temperance Monument be erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Several



meetings were head, resulting in a decision to erect a structure of marble, forty feet high, at a cost of \$290,000. The subject is a fountain which represents "Moses Striking the Rock." It consists of one central figure—the prophet as having just smitten the rock beside him, over which the waters are rushing, constituting the fountain. The figure of the central character was taken from a picture by Michael Angelo which adorns the walls of the "St. Peter in Chains," at Rome, which is considered the artist's masterpiece.

which is considered the artist's masterpiece.
The statue will be unvailed in presence of all the Catholic Abstinence Societies on the 4th of July, 1876. The model is already cast, and we give an illustration from the drawings.



RUBBER-SUIT FOR THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

CAPTAIN OTTINGER.

WE recently published a portrait of Mr. Kimball, Chief of the Revenue Marine and Life-saving Service. We now give a sketch and picture of Captain Ottinger, the inventor of the lifeboat sys-tem, including the celebrated surf-car, which has



HEW TORK GITY,-THE COLOSSEUM, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND THIRTY-PIPTH STREET.

been the direct means of saving several thou-sand lives in different parts of the world. The first time it was tried, two hundred and eleven first time it was tried, two hundred and eleven persons were rescued who otherwise must have perished. The surf-car is now used in Europe, and at more than a hundred stations on our coast. Its inventor refused to patent it, because he would not make subject to tax or restriction what he produced to save the lives of his brotherseamen and wayfarers of the seas. He presented to the Government a surf-car, mortar, shot, etc., now on board the relief cruiser Commodore Perry, under his command. These implements are to be used when boats cannot venture to board vessels in distress.

As a testimonial of their appreciation of his services, Congress voted the Captain \$10,000. He is the senior officer in the Revenue Marine Service of the United States.

THE NEW YORK COLOSSEUM.

N his lecture on street-life in Europe, the other evening, Mr. Wendell Phillip: said that one could get a better idea of Paris by



THE EUCALYPTUS, OR FEVER TREE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. E. WATKINS, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS—THE SNOW-PLOW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY. — PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS HOUSEWORTH, SAN FRANCISCO.

visiting the New York Colosseum one hour than by living in Paris a month. The edifice is the largest iron building in the country —180 feet in diameter and 80 feet high. Rising through the centre is a tower 38 feet in diameter,140 feet above the ground. On the top of this tower and around it is a covered platform, whence the spectators look down upon the marvelous view of Paris, which is painted on canvas 80 feet high, extending entirely around the inside of the outer wall. The tower on which the spectators stand is supposed to rise from the garden of the Tuileries, and the painting is so arranged as to give a bird's-eye view of the great city in every direction from its centre to the country lying far beyond the suburbs. direction from its centre to the country lying far beyond the suburbs. It is a moonlight scene, and the illusion is perfect. A sky overhead is full of twinkling stars, and light, fleecy clouds float along the horizon beyond Versailles. A million lamps illuminate million lamps illuminate the streets below, which the streets below, which literally swarm with pedestrians. The distance from the top of the tower to the pavement seems frightfully far. Were the spectaror in a balloon directly over the real city he could searcely expect a finer view. There is music from distant bands by the fountains in the gardens, and at intervals the melody of cathedral chimes floats up in the evening air. The buildings appear to be as real and substantial as do the buildings one sees from Trinity steeple, only the bewildered beholder knows full well that he is not in an American city; and the illusion is so complete that, when the Elevator Man cries, "Passengers for New York, step this way!" one involuntarily starts, and for a moment feels pained, when he remembers that he is not in Paris but in New York.

RUBBER SUIT FOR THE LIFE-SAVING

SERVICE.

A VERY important part of the working apparatus of the Life-saving Service is the rubber suits liberally supplied at the stations. The dress is the invention of C. S. Merriman, and consists of two parts, the pantaloons and boots, and the waistcoat and head-piece, each inflated by separate tubes, and the position of the wearer is regulated entirely by the amount of air in each piece, thus doing SERVICE.



RICHARD P. MORGAN, JR., RAILROAD REFORMER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY,

away with the heavy metal clogs on the feet, by which an upright attitude is maintained in the old patterns. At a trial made of it, the experimenter was in the water nine hours on a very cold day, and suffered nothing from the cold, emerging from the water in a perfectly dry condition. It is an American invention, but the Royal Lifeboat Institution of Great Britain has, after experimenting with it, ordered several suits with a view to adopting them.

MR. RICHARD P. MORGAN, JR.

DORN in Massachusetts, in 1828, Mr. Morgan began his career as a civil engineer. After helping to build the Hudson River Railway, he removed to Illinois in 1852, and after assisting in completing the Chicago and Alton Railroad he was appointed General Superintendent. Subsequently he became an extensive farmer, but continued his professional labors.

On the organization of the Illinois Railroad and

an extensive larmer, but continued his professional labors.

On the organization of the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission, he was appointed a member, and was active in instituting legal proceedings which resulted in establishing the right of public control by the State over railroad corporations. Meanwhile he perfected a plan for rapid transit in large cities, known as the Golthic Arch Elevated Railway, which is claimed to be the only practical solution to the question which is attracting so much attention in New York. Although not a regular Granger, he sympathizes with the movement, and is considered one of its most earnest friends.

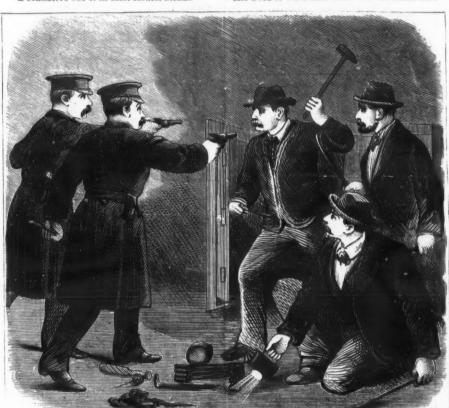
THE EUCALYPTUS, OR FEVER TREE.

THE EUCALYPTUS, OR FEVER TREE.

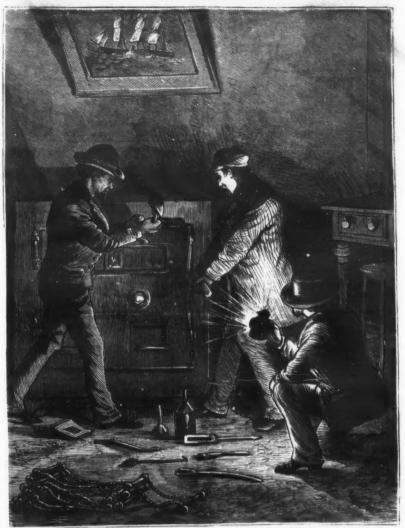
CONSIDERABLE attention has been called to the statement that this tree is largely cultivated on Southern plantations to destroy malarious vapors. It is a native of France, Italy. Crimea, the West Indies and California, and is said to be as hardy as the fig-tree. It is claimed that it rapidly absorbs the unwholesome moisture of the soil into its roots, and throws it out again pure through its branches and leaves. In places where large numbers of these trees have been destroyed, virulent fevers followed which were previously unknown. One species of the Eucalyptus attains a greater height than any other tree known, not excepting the red-woods of California. Several citizens in Charleston, S. C., have ordered plants of the Eucalyptus, which they propose to plant in the neighborhood of their dwellings. We give an illustration of the tree.

THE SNOWPLOW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE ordinary level plateaus of the Rocky Mountain region are from 4,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. The air is exceedingly dry and rare, and when the snow falls it is light and dry, and frequently accompanied with a fierce wind. But even if damp and the atmosphere still, a few hours after it falls the wind swings into the northwest or northeast, and changes the soft and evenly laid snow into a sea of white hard sand. In this condition it



THE DESCENT OF THE POLICE.



BURGLARS "CRACKING A SAFE."

packs in railroad cuts harder than gravel deposits, and often it is as much work to remove it as it was to cut through the original soil. We give an illustration of one of the snowplows used on the Pacific Railroad. They are kept running through the cuts before they fill, thus keeping the track clear; but if the snow once packs to a great depth nothing but picks and men will remove it.

"CRACKING A BANK."

THE outfit of a gang of burglars intent on breaking open a safe consists of the implements shown in a recent issue, together with a rope, gag, fuse, brace and bit, drills, files, and apparatus for stripping the band off a safe. If the job promises to be a heavy one, such as the robbery of the Ocean Bank, in New York, some months ago, or the attempt on the National Bank of Pottstown, Pa., on the

night of March 6th last, the tools will be of the most approved pattern, and the men chosen for the work of the most scientific attainments. Four carts were necessary to convey the tools to the Ocean Bank. The "kit" exhibited some novel improvements that were unknown to the police at the time. The men who operated at Pottstown are supposed to have been members of the Wilmington gang, as their course of action proved them to be burglars of experience and caution. They first knocked the watchman senseless, then put a gag—a piece of wood five inches long, fitted with a hole in the centre to permit breathing—into his mouth, wrapped his head in an old coat, handcuffed him, and tied him securely with a rope.

The burglars then unpacked their bundles and produced drills, files and jacks. A hole was first bored through the floor, and one of their number was sent out to the sidewalk to warn his companions in case of any interruptions that night



THE CAPTURE OF THE BURGLARS BY THE POLICE.

occur. He was to communicate with them by pulling a string, which was carried through the floor and out to the sidewalk under the door. By this time the watchman had to some extent loosened the fastenings which bound him, and got the gag from his mouth. They again pounced on him, beat him, and bound him hand and foot. They then tried to gag him again, but he fought desperately, clinching his teeth firmly, so that they could not open his mouth. Procuring a stick, they pried his jaws open and inserted the gag, though not before the watchman's front teeth had been considerably loosened and his face bruised.

Work was again commenced on the door of the

and his face bruised.

Work was spain commenced on the door of the iron vau!t. The board of directors, when they placed this safe in its place, ordered, for extra security, a lining of chilled iron to be added to the aiready massive door. After they bored through to this lining the burglars could go no further. The finest drills could have no effect upon it, but the burglars kept steadily at work from eight o'clock at night until four o'clock in the next morning, and they would have still continued in their labor were they not afraid that the absence of the watchman would arouse suspicion.

Some years ago a machine called a "trepan"

they would have still continued in their labor were they not afraid that the absence of the watchman would arouse suspicion.

Some years ago a machine called a "trepan" was invented for this drilling, the points being fine diamonds. This was too expensive to be used by the craft generally, and cannot be considered a part of the customary "kit."

Our illustrations are designed to show the process of forcing a safe that is not incased in a stout and chilled iron vault. In case a watchman was in the premises, he would be treated like the poor fellow in Pottstown. Otherwise the burglars would post a guard, arrange their tools on the floor so as to be readily handled, and commence operations. If it is desirable to cut an opening in the back of sufficient size to allow the extraction of the contents, a few holes are drilled, and by applying a claim the square can be readily broken out. If the door is to be opened, the clamp is applied to the band at the edge. This is a piece of iron five or six inches long, furnished with a two-inch chilled iron bar with a hook on one end, and a heavy screw bolt. After being attached with the point of the hook at the edge of the band, the screw is turned until the clamp is firm. By applying a jimmy or a lever to this, a steady tightening of the screw tears the band completely off. In the illustration, which is a faithful study, the "little alderman" wedge is being introduced between the door and the ensing. An old cost, or blanket, is held over this to deaden the sound, while a second operator strikes the weige with a sledge-hammer. A persistent forcing with this and the heavy jimmies will allow the introduction of powder and the fuse, with which to blow the door apart, or of files and saws to cut the botts that enter the casings from the door.

We are indebted to Captain Kennedy, Sergeant bouglas, Detective Darcy, and other officers of the Sixth Precinct, for the use and explanation of various tools introduced in the illustrations of this and the previous issue.

the previous issue.

FUN.

THE national bird of this period is the author of the

Easter Egg.
A REIGN of terra—The Missouri desperadoes making the dirt fly.
The backbone of Winter is broken, but its tail wags

An Arkansas Judge censured the assassination of the second Judge by Lawyer Fox as unprofessional. A Milwaukee policeman has a Newfoundland dog to protect his purse from thieves as he sleeps on his lonely midnight watch.

A STRANGER who threw a \$10 bill into the contribution box of a Savannah church got trusted for \$500 worth of goods on the strength of it.

A Chattanooga editor says that the city is over-flowed; the streets full of catilsh and snapping turtles, and the stores alive with frogs.

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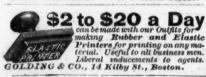
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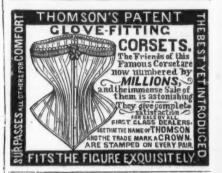
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